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Out of the Storm.

(By Annie Hamilton Donnell, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Little Mrs. Nye kept away from the window till the limit of her strength was reached. Then she looked out. Luke was just disappearing down the sunny street. In the distance his stooping, old-mannish figure was indistinct, but she thought she could

'THEN SHE LOOKED OUT.

distinguish how much straighter it was than usual, and she smiled bitterly. That was because Luke was angry.

'He always straightens up when he's put out,' she said aloud.

At the corner, Luke stopped, and in spite of herself his plain little wife, Phoebe, held her breath. He was nearly there, he was at it now,—the place where he always looked back and waved his handkerchief. Phoebe had watched for that dim glint of white on every week-day for six years, and always she had seen it.

But Luke Nye, though he stopped mechanically to-day, did not turn round. There was no glimmer of white. For an instant Phoebe tried to think it was because he had forgotten his handkerchief; then she laughed at herself with a shrill, discordant little laugh. As if she were not angry, too! As if she wanted Luke to look back!

Tottie was fretting on the floor, and Phoebe picked her up and tramped back and forth, back and forth, with her until she fell asleep. It was something to do to keep from thinking, and she did not want to think. All day long the pain was in her heart.

'He never went away without kissing me good-by, before,' her thoughts kept repeating with dull monotony; 'Luke always kissed me, and he always waved his handkerchief down on the corner. We never parted angry before.'

She went about the little flat with restless activity, finding necessary things to do and doing unnecessary things. She held Tottie during all her naps, and rocked her incessantly. The creak and jolt of the rocker kept accompaniment with her thoughts—discordant accompaniment, but Luke Nye's little wife's thoughts were discordant. She would not let herself forgive Luke all day long.

And it was so little a matter to kindle so great a fire! Phoebe could almost count the words on the fingers of her two little work-roughened hands, with perhaps an extra word or two for the finger that wore a plain gold band.

'Luke was the most to blame,' she told herself many times, stubbornly. 'He had no right to get angry at what I said. I only said I was tired of having his mother keep advising me and treating me like a little child. I had a right to be tired of that. Just as if I was Tottie! "My child," this, and "my child," that,—I told him I was tired of it, and I am!'

Phoebe stopped rocking Tottie, and spoke the rest aloud, like a sharp little cry.

'And he took sides with his mother instead of me, his wife! Luke chose his mother instead of me!'

That was the bitter poison that kept the wound rankling. In her anger Phoebe refused to be just.

At noon the sun disappeared behind leaden clouds, and the air grew sharper. Passers-by sniffed snow in it, and turned up their coat-collars. As the afternoon grew older, the signs grew more definite to the initiated, and occasional spits of snow whitened the pavements momentarily. Phoebe was uneasy when she found Luke's rubbers in the hall.

'His boots are getting so thin and old,'

'PASSERS-BY TURNED UP THEIR COAT COLLARS.'

she thought, 'and Luke catches cold just like a baby.'

Across the street Luke's mother sat at her window, knitting mittens for Luke. She was a little uneasy, too, as the afternoon crept on. Every little while she glanced up at the narrow sky-line between the curbings of the street. It was a cramped little street and the sky-line was pinched to meagre proportions.

'There's going to be a blow sometime,' Luke's mother murmured, 'if I'm a weather-prophet; and I am. I could always see storms coming. Luke's overcoat's dreadful thin, and I've no idea that child Phoebe thought to fold a newspaper across his chest, under it. I always remembered to.'

At five o'clock it was virtually night, and Phoebe drew the curtains and lighted the lamps. Luke liked to come home to a bright little flat. He always said he could economize in overcoats and under-coats, but not in lamplight. To-night Phoebe took a fancy to be prodigal with her lights. She and Tottie got supper and waited.

But the footsteps that sounded outside at last were not Luke's. Luke's never lagged, coming home. It was a little messenger boy that looked up at Phoebe out of the darkness. He had a message for her from Luke.

'Dear Phoebe,' she read, with a queer feeling in her throat, 'Dear Phoebe, I'm off

'THE PORTLAND HAD GONE DOWN.'

for Portland—no help for it. The firm's got to send somebody down to-night, and I'm the somebody. Will be back on return boat. Too bad; can't be helped. LUKE.'

Phoebe Nye read the note through three times before she saw the fumbling little words, 'I'm sorry,' crowded into one corner. They sent the warm red blood into her sweet, plain face and out again, leaving it very white. Phoebe was 'sorry,' too. If she could only tell Luke so.

Tottie stayed awake long into the evening, and Phoebe was glad. She frolicked and played with her in a wild little frenzy of pretended glee; and, when at last Tottie's eyes shut, she went to bed with her. It was terribly lonesome out in the brightly lighted little sitting-room without Luke.

The wind rose higher, and it grew a good deal colder. Phoebe kept remembering how thin Luke's clothes were.

'It'll be dreadful cold on the water,' she worried. 'And it'll be rough, too, in such a high wind. I wish Luke had his big blanket—O, I wish I had Luke!'

But she went to sleep at last, and slept mercifully through all the terrible fury of the storm and wind, as it increased with the night.

In the morning the wind had abated a little, but the world was drift-deep in snow. Phoebe kept away from the window stubbornly—the drifts seemed to loom up so between her and Luke. But Luke would be at home after another day, 'on the return boat,' he had said. Another day could not last always.

But before the day ended the whole city was full of the news of a terrible disaster on the sea. The steamer to Portland had gone down with all on board. Hundred

of souls had gone into eternity in the swirl and tumult of mad waters. There was not even a loophole of hope, and people went about the streets with horror in their solemn faces.

After a while the news crept in to Phoebe. A neighbor called and told the story excitedly, and hurried away to tell somebody else. She did not hear the muffled cry of anguish in her wake.

Luke Nye's mother ploughed across the street, and got Phoebe into her arms. Her own face was drawn and white with pain. Her wrinkled old hand, as it stroked Phoebe's hair, trembled pitifully. But Luke's mother stifled her own anguish, and tried to comfort Luke's little wife.

'Child, child, dear child!' she cried over and over again, and Phoebe nestled in her arms, half-soothed. It was so good to be treated like a little child!

Both women had accepted their sorrow unquestioningly. Luke always went down on the boat, always. He had never gone any other way. And the little scribbled message before them constantly clinched Luke's fate.

'On the return boat—on the return boat.' Phoebe moaned. 'He wouldn't have said "on the return boat" if—if not. Luke always went down on the boat. But we were never angry before. Luke always kissed me good-by.'

Luke's mother stayed all night; and, when Luke came home in the early morning, she was still holding Phoebe in her arms. He stood in the door and watched them a minute.

'Phoebe! Mother!' he cried then, and his voice made the sweetest music they had ever heard. It rang through the little dim room like a great, glad bell.

'Phoebe! Mother!'

It was Luke come home again! He was striding across the floor to them!

'I went by train,' he said. 'I thought I should get back before you heard about the boat.'

'O Luke, thank God! O Luke, thank God!' cried Phoebe. 'And wait, dear; let me say the other, too.'

She pulled his head down to her face, and kept it there.

'I'm sorry, Luke.'

A New System of Memorizing

(Oscar Lowry, '97-'99.)

The whole secret of memorizing is in knowing how to review.

When I first began the study of the Bible, I could memorize a passage of Scripture with comparative ease, but I could not retain it more than a day or two. Many others have the same difficulty; they can memorize for recitation, but in two or three days they forget the passages.

The difficulty we have to meet, then, is not so much 'how to memorize' as 'how to retain what you have already memorized.' I fully believe that the blessing of knowing how to memorize, or retain what I had already memorized, comes second to but one blessing in my life, and that is my conversion.

'I CAN'T MEMORIZE.'

Many who at first say they can't memorize, are finally convinced that it is only laziness of their own minds that is the trouble.

We had in a Bible class, in a certain town in Iowa, a lady about fifty years old, seemingly anxious to memorize Scripture, yet insisting all along through the six weeks of the work that she could not do so. At each class I tried to show her that it was a delusion, and that if she would use this system of memorizing I was sure she could do it. On the last night of the work, and at the final examination, she laughingly said:

'I have memorized two passages.'

But she became ashamed of that, and a week later I received a letter from her saying that she had memorized and could locate twenty-two passages. A little later she said she had memorized seventy-five passages, and was keeping the work up.

Those who say they 'can't memorize' are usually laboring under delusion, doubtless one of Satan's, for he does not like to have the sword of the Spirit thrust at him, and is well aware that those who know the Scriptures by heart will take Christ's method of defending themselves by always being ready for him with 'It is written.'

HOW TO BEGIN.

The system is so simple you may think it useless, but I invite you to give it a fair trial, and am not fearful as to results.

Take a small card, about an inch wide and two inches long, and write the passage you want to memorize on one side, and its reference on the other. For example, on one side:

No. 1.

Rom. iii., 23.

On the reverse side:

For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.

The number above the reference is for your encouragement, to show how rapidly you advance.

To begin with, it is better that only two passages be memorized each day, until your mind becomes accustomed to the work, adding more as you see you can do it well.

Each day review all that you have memorized before. If you memorize two to-day, memorize two more to-morrow, and review the first two; two more the third day and review the preceding four; each day adding and reviewing.

What advantage is there in writing out the passage on the cards? There are four advantages which are very important in memorizing Scripture:

(1) It trains your mind to accurate quoting.

After a few days you will have a nice little bunch of cards. Before reviewing, mix them up, so that as you take them one by one, one side will be uppermost to-day, and probably the other to-morrow. Always call to mind what is on the other side of the card. After quoting aloud the passage you think to be on the other side, or giving the reference, see if you have made the slightest mistake. Soon you will be surprised at your accuracy.

It is better to review alone, and aloud, if possible.

(2) It trains your mind to work both ways, i. e., to be able to tell where a passage is found as easily as to quote it.

For practical purposes it is almost as important to know where a passage is as to know what it is.

(3) It breaks up all association.

Some teach memorizing by having the student associate the matter he is memorizing with something else, or with its position on the page. Is this always desirable? You do not have to associate the Lord's prayer or the 23rd Psalm, with anything or with their position on the page; you know them, they are part of yourself, and without any effort you can quote them. So it should be with any other passage memorized.

(4) Your card will be a great advantage when your material begins to increase, and you cannot take time to review every day all that you have memorized.

REVIEWING.

After you have fifty passages or more, you can take those you feel that you have thoroughly mastered and lay them aside, and review them only once a week. Keep adding new passages to your daily review, and transferring the earlier passages to your weekly review. Soon you will have more than you can take time to review even once each week; then put aside those you feel that are best fixed in your mind and start a monthly review. Soon you can start a six months' review, then a yearly review. You will find that you will get the material so well in your mind that by reviewing once in six months or a year you will retain it. But don't forget that the secret lies in permamently fixing the matter in your mind in the daily review.

PRACTICAL RESULTS.

I know a young man who some time ago adopted this system and has already memorized over 500 verses. It does not take on an average over twenty minutes daily to keep it up, including time used in memorizing new passages. When he last made his 'six monthly' review, out of 270 passages he failed on only 20 passages.

Isn't such a store of Scripture worth the effort? There is no magic way of memorizing; there must be some effort. Try this plan, and you will be surprised at yourself in a few weeks.

Other Worldliness.

(By the Rev. Principal Dykes, D.D., in 'Presbyterian Review.')

I do not know that there is anything about the experience of genuine Christian which is a greater puzzle to others, than the sense of belonging to another world more fully than to this one. One reason is that it does not work in Christian minds as un-Christian observers expect it to do. People suppose it ought to make those who entertain it impractical, unbusinesslike, or dreamy. It is expected that they will move through society with an indifferent air, like outsiders who have no business here and no interest in anything that goes on. Now, it does not act in this way at all. Indeed, there are certain aspects of this life which start out into fresh urgency so soon as you tell me that I belong to the super-earthly kingdom of God. In fact, all duty acquires a new value under that light from the other side. For the Judge is standing behind the door. A moment more, and the folding gates may fly open at his word, so that I shall have to give in my stewardship. In that long hereafter, which is for me the real world, my position is to be determined by my discharge of obligation here and now.

There is another thought which is perhaps not so familiar to our minds as it ought to be, seeing that it is often taught by our Lord. Out of a charitable employment of money, he tells us we may procure for ourselves everlasting friendships after death. It is in our power, he says, to lay up treasures that will not rust, and when we die to be rich toward God. This is only to be done by making the utmost of each opportunity of service and usefulness upon earth, as good stewards of God's manifold favors. It is clear, then, that to fold one's hands and dream of heaven is the way to make one's heaven (when one gets there) a poorer place. Whereas now is each servant's chance to transmute the petty advantages and responsibilities of time into a future reward immeasurably higher.

BOYS AND GIRLS

'A Little Child Shall Lead Them.'

(By Laurence Brooke, in 'Friendly Visitor.')

'Mummie, has father come home yet?'

'No, dear.'

'I'se tired—oh, so tired and sleepy! My head hurts me so when I move it, and I can't keep my eyes open. But I want . . . to say . . . good night . . . to father.'

The heavy eyelids drooped, and the weak little voice trailed away into a weary sigh of disappointment.

For a minute or two the little fellow lay still, his breathing seeming to indicate that he had dropped off to sleep. But it was not so. Presently he opened his eyes again, and fixed them gravely upon his mother's anxious face. She was bending tenderly over him, hanging upon every breath.

'Mummie,' he said, as if he had been puzzling over the question in his own mind, 'why does father leave us alone so much now?'

It was a home-thrust to poor Mrs. Masters, though the child little suspected it. Her husband's neglect was a sore and bitter trouble to her, and weighed heavily upon her at this time of acute anxiety.

'Father has many things to keep him from home just now, Cyril,' she answered, evasively, as she pushed back the fair curls from the hot, flushed face, and tried to soothe the lad with endearing words. But there were silent tears in her eyes as she did so, and her heart throbbed with pain as she thought of the evil paths into which her husband had strayed.

The boy was only half satisfied. His unerring, childish instinct told him that there was something wrong, that the worn, distressed look which had settled upon his mother's face of late was not due solely to the fact that he himself had been ailing. And in his innocent heart he prayed earnestly to God for the father whom he now saw so seldom.

For some little time he continued to toss restlessly upon the bed, moaning plaintively as he sought in vain for repose; then sleep overpowered him, and he sank into a heavy slumber. The anxious mother continued to watch by his side; but the tears, which she had hitherto restrained for his sake, were now raining down her pale cheeks.

Poor Lucy Masters! Hers was, indeed, a sad lot! There was a time when her husband had been all in all to her, when their hearts beat as one. But he had turned from the right way; evil companions had corrupted him and led him astray. Worse still, he had given way to drink; and, as it invariably does, it had brought a blight upon their once happy home. Poor Lucy had often a hard struggle to make both ends meet, even to provide the necessary comforts for dear little Cyril when he was stricken down by illness.

Her husband's nature, too, had completely changed since he had fallen a victim to that degrading vice, which was fast enchaining him, and dragging him lower and lower. He, who formerly had been so bright and cheery, was now sullen and morose, neglecting her and their little boy, frequently not returning home until a late hour at night. Ah! how often she had sat up and waited with trembling fear in her heart for his coming! And what a pang smote her when she heard his heavy, uncertain step at last, and knew in what manner he had been spending the evening!

Earnest, tearfully she had pleaded with him; begged him, for her sake, for Cyril's sake, to break away from his evil associates, and seek God's grace to keep him from his besetting sin. But he had resented it; answered her curtly, almost roughly, and went off in a temper. Gradually they had drifted apart, until a gulf now seemed to separate them.

To-night, as Lucy Masters sat there by the bed-side of the sick child, she reviewed the past with a sad and heavy heart. The future she dared not contemplate. What if their dear little Cyril should be taken from them? What if the one remaining joy in their blighted home should be removed, leaving it desolate and dreary?

She was aroused from these troubled reflections by the entrance of Dr. Hayward, the physician who had been summoned to attend Cyril. As he approached the bed, and stood looking down at the sleeping child, there was something in his face which smote a sharp pang through the mother's heart.

He said nothing, but his hand sought the soft little wrist under the bed-clothes, and when he withdrew it again his face was even graver than before.

'Is he worse, doctor?' whispered Lucy, even graver than before.

'I am sorry to say he has lost ground a little since the morning,' was the grave reply.

'You do not think there is danger, surely?'

'Not any immediate danger,' answered Dr. Hayward. 'The crisis will come before morning—probably about five o'clock. It is better not to disturb him now, but I will look in again later on; and if you notice any change during the night, send for me at once.'

Eric Masters came home earlier than usual that evening. Upstairs Lucy heard him enter, and, as was his custom of late, go straight towards his study. With a glance she stole softly from the room, hurried downstairs, and sought out her husband.

'Eric,' she said, in a nervous, agitated manner, 'Dr. Hayward has just been here, and he says Cyril is worse.'

'Pooh! Nonsense!' he replied, scarcely glancing up from his desk. 'Hayward is one of those old fogeys who are always frightening people. There is nothing really wrong with the boy—merely one of those childish complaints that pass off in a day or two.'

'He is ill—dangerously ill.'

'Nothing of the kind!' he answered, turning over his papers. 'A feverish cold, probably, or something of the sort. There is not the least necessity to make a fuss about it.'

Lucy's heart sank. She felt utterly helpless to overcome this indifference. How could she move him? How open his eyes to the fact that their child's life was in danger?

'Eric,' said she, approaching a step nearer, 'will you do one thing for me? Will you just come upstairs, and judge for yourself?'

WITH A SOB OF REMORSE HE SAT UPON A CHAIR AND COVERED HIS FACE WITH A TREMBLING HAND.

Something in her tones seemed to strike him, and he glanced up quickly at her. For the first time he noticed how white and worn she looked. Nor did the troubled fear in her eyes escape him.

Without a word he pushed back his chair, and followed her from the room. It must not be imagined that he did not love his boy; indeed, before he had given way to evil habits, Cyril had been the idol of his heart. But intemperance, among its many pernicious results, often warps the human affections, and leaves a man cold, callous, selfish.

As he entered the room upstairs Eric Masters stole a glance at the bed, and caught his breath with a quick, shuddering gasp. One look was enough to convince him that this was something more than a mere childish ailment. The sleep in which the boy was lying at the moment was so like the sleep of death that it struck a chill despair to the father's heart. And then, as his eyes rested again upon his wife's sad

face, a bitter sense of his own selfishness and neglect rushed upon him. How blind he had been, how heartless, how cruel! And now—now—if he should be too late to atone for it all, if his child should be taken from him! With a sob of remorse he sank upon a chair, and covered his face with a trembling hand.

Dr. Hayward called again later on, but as yet there was no change in little Cyril. He was weaker, if anything, and the doctor feared that his strength would not enable him to battle with the crisis.

Scarcely had he left than there was another ring at the door. It proved to be Mrs. Weston, a friend and neighbor of the

WITH A GASP FOR BREATH HE FELL FULL LENGTH ON THE FLOOR

Masters', and a kindly, sympathetic, motherly soul, whose heart was wholly given to God's service. Knowing that Lucy was worn out with anxious watching, she had come to sit up with the boy during the night, so as to allow the tired mother to take a much-needed rest.

Lucy, though nothing would induce her to retire from the sick room, was sincerely glad to have the company of a friend during her long, anxious vigil. In silence they took their place at the bed-side, to watch for the critical moment which would decide the question of life or death.

Downstairs, in his study, Eric Masters paced restlessly to and fro, his mind on the rack, sorrow and remorse gnawing at his heart. The books which he had taken out for perusal lay unopened on his desk

Every moment he dreaded to hear a quick footstep overhead, to learn that there was a change for the worse, and to be sent off in haste for the doctor.

All through the long, silent watches of that anxious night he continued to pace his room in a tumult of fevered thought. It was a night such as is often a turning-point in a man's life, when he is brought up with a jerk, as it were, on his downward course. The Spirit of God was at work in that room during those lonely hours; the scales had fallen from Eric Masters's eyes, and he saw clearly the abyss to which he was hurrying.

What would he have given now to recall the ill-spent past! It came home to him sharply that his intemperate habits had been the cause of much misery to his patient wife, that he had even deprived his boy of many little comforts. And as he thought of the little fellow lying there upstairs on the point of death, his spirit was overwhelmed within him. Falling upon his knees he cried out to God, in the anguish of his soul, to spare his child.

It was not until the cold light of dawn was creeping into the room that he dropped exhausted into his chair, worn out by the long, harassing strain. Laying his arms upon the desk, he rested his heavy, throbbing head upon them, and for a time sleep overpowered him.

He was aroused by the click of the door handle, the rustle of a dress, and the sound of someone entering the room. Starting up he found Mrs. Weston standing close to his desk, dressed, and ready to depart.

'What is it?' he cried, in tones that trembled with apprehension.

'Thank God! The crisis is over,' she answered.

'And he will live? Tell me that he will live'

'Yes; he will live. God, in his mercy, has spared the dear little fellow to you.'

Eric Masters heard, but for a moment or two he scarcely seemed to realize the joyful news. And then, as it came home to him that God had heard his cry, that the dark hour was over and past, the revulsion of feeling proved to much for him. The room seemed to rock and sway; everything around him became blurred; and, with a gasp for breath, he fell full-length upon the floor.

When he stole upstairs later on, Cyril was wide awake; and though still very weak, was prattling in his pretty, childish way to his mother. His little face lit up with joy as he saw his father enter.

'Oh, daddie!' he cried, stretching out his arms to him, 'I'se so glad you have come at last! You'll stay with me now, daddie, won't you?'

'That I will, my little man.'

'An'—an' you'll take care of mummie, won't you? She cries so when you are away! An' it makes me very, very sorry to see her cry.'

For answer, Eric Masters turned and took his wife in his arms. For the first time in many months her weary head rested upon his breast, and she gave way to her new-found joy in a flood of tears. In that moment the gulf which had separated them seemed to be spanned. The little child had led them back to each other's arms, to the love they had formerly known.

'Eric,' she whispered, presently, 'you won't allow yourself to be enticed away from me again, will you?'

'Never again, Lucy!' he answered, in a broken voice. 'Never again, with God's help!'

And he kept his word.

[For the 'Messenger.'

The Music of the Flowers.

Once upon a time it fell,
I recall the day so well,
When one evening late in June,
Lighted by a slender moon,
Earth and nature seemed asleep,
And o'er all the stars did peep,
Looking down with sleepless eye,
From their watchtower in the sky.
While upon a mossy bank
For repose I weary sank.
All so still about me lay,
Far more beautiful than day,
And the air so sweet did seem,
It was almost like a dream
Of what rest in Heaven might be,
When from earth the soul is free.

As I lay half dreaming there
Drinking in the scene so fair,
Some bewitching, subtle spell
All about mysterious fell,
Soft, sweet voices then I heard,
And the branches o'er me stirred,
Clapped their leafy hands and sang
While the vale with music rang,
And the mosses at my feet
All joined in the chorus sweet.
Then a strain came from afar,
As though from the evening star,
And the flowers all about
Joined in such a merry shout
That I turned my head to see
What the cause of this might be.

And I saw a sight so gay
As was never seen by day;
Flowers of every shade and hue
Tripping lightly o'er the dew.
Blue bells ringing out in glee,
Clover blossom fair to see,
Yellow buttercups stood nigh
Looking straight into the sky,
And the common daisy white
With its heart of gold so bright,
Mignonette was plainly dressed,
Though she always wore her best,
But her breath so sweet exhaled
That the roses almost failed,
And carnations even paled,
As their long green leaves they trailed.

But the pansy's modest face,
Unadorned by ruff or lace,

Was in royal purple clad,
While Sweet William, honest lad,
Blushing crimson, stood near by,
Gallant, courteous, but shy,
And the dainty lilies bright
In their frocks of purest white
With the violets were seen
Nestled in among the green.
And they always dressed in blue,
Showing that their hearts were true.
Peonies of gorgeous hue
Came in grandly, two by two;
And the tall chrysanthemum
Came along to see the fun.

Oxalis and primrose fair,
Spreading ferns and maiden hair,
Sweet peas in a merry throng
Put their purple bonnets on,
And their faces pink and white,
Truly were a pretty sight,
As they shook their tendrils out
With a happy little shout,
And their eyes were full of fun
Bubbling over, every one,
Even stately honeysuckle,
As he tried his belt to buckle
And to join the merry chase,
Found he could not win the race.

Jack in pulpit took his stand,
Organized a flower band,
Larkspurs all could play the flute,
And narcissus took the lute,
While geraniums filled with fire
Loudly played upon the lyre.
Violins were tuned and played
By the grasses in the glade;
The dandelions then did try
Some rag-time music on the sly,
But Jack in pulpit looked severe,
And they ceased in sudden fear.
Then the tulips, gaily dressed,
In a chorus sang their best,
And the hyacinths drew near
Each with mellow voice and clear,
Singing of the joys of spring
When the birds are on the wing,
And the bees on blossoms swing,
Fresh life filling everything.
Apple blossoms joined the strain,
Lilacs gave a sweet refrain,

Roses sang of summer days,
When the sun with warmest rays
Smiles in love on Flora fair,
Bringing beauty everywhere.
Bright nasturtiums chimed in too,
Singing of the rain and dew,
While petunias white and pink
Drew aside and tried to think
Why the four o'clock should say
That 'twas getting almost day,
As he closed his sleepy eye
And to sing no more would try.

Golden rod, with mellow tone,
Sang a solo all alone;
And forget-me-not so shy,
Looked up with her bright blue eye,
That her admiration told,
Tho' she feared 'twas very bold.
Up rose then the purple heather,
Discoursed wisely on the weather,
As he could not sing or play,
'Twas the only thing to say.

Then the poppies, pink and red,
Each scarce holding up her head,
Sang a charming slumber song,
How the night would not be long,
But let each one sleep, sleep, sleep,
Ere the day begins to peep.
Then the sundial turned her head,
Saw the first faint tints of red
That proclaimed the morning near,
Then the flow'rets fled in fear,
For when morning light is nigh
It is time for us to fly,
Said the hollyhock so tall,
That he overlooked them all,
For if mortals should appear,
Our immortal music hear,
They would then our secrets know
That we never dare to show.
So, sweet flowers, haste away,
Now comes on the break of day.

Then fast flew the dainty feet,
Making music soft and sweet,
As their garments blue and red,
Swept beside my mossy bed
Until all had vanished quite,
Like a vision of the night,
Never knowing I had heard
All their secrets, every word.
But their little hearts may be
Free from all anxiety,
For I love them now so well,
That these things I'll never tell.

BERTHA SCOFIELD MASSE.

Grande Ligne, Que.

How a Rocky Mountain Boy Won.

(Eliza E. Berryman, in 'Sunday School Times.')

Stepping from the coach after a long day's drive from the valley and rapidly approaching spring to the region of almost perpetual snow, this notice, tacked upon the door of the post-office, met my eye:—

Miss Berry, who organized the Sunday-school here ten years ago, will come up on the stage to-night. The Sunday-school has tuckered along in fine weather, and sometimes when the weather wasn't so fine. She will be at the church Sunday. Everybody is invited to turn out and start over again. There's twelve dollars left over from last summer to start with, if the treasurer hasn't lost it.

COMMITTEE.

It was the first of May, and the town was still almost buried in snow. The main street alone had been shovelled out, and the snow piled up against the fronts of unoccupied houses.

Being somewhat fatigued from the long drive of Saturday, and soothed by the murmur of the small streams from the melting snows, I slept far into Sunday morning. As soon as my hostess was aware that I was awake, she came to my door, saying: 'Look down the street.'

'Why,' I exclaimed, 'the boys are playing ball on the Sabbath!'

'Yes,' she replied, 'the Sunday-school receives a new impetus to-day, and, as this is really the first day the street has been open, the baseball season opens to-day also. They are quite conscious, too, that they are playing directly in front of our windows. There are twelve boys in that crowd, but they never come to Sunday-school. We have no children in the school; only about a dozen grown people at best. The girls do not come because intimidated by their brothers, and we have no music because none of the grown people can play. So the long and short of the matter is that one boy keeps about twenty-five children away from Sunday-school.'

The ball-playing kept up intermittingly all day. At three o'clock they were playing a most exciting game immediately in front of the church at the upper end of the street, where the ground was most wet and slippery.

The snow had been shovelled out of the church, and good fires kept up for two days to dry the floor and walls. By the time for opening, two dozen grown people had assembled, but not a child appeared. Several mothers made excuses something like this:

'My boy'—or 'my girl,' as the case might be—'wasn't quite ready for Sunday-school to-day, bein' as plans were made so sudden, but they'll be here next Sunday. Our boys and girls are purty good children.'

I accepted the apology with great cheerfulness, and, at the close of the hour, suggested that all who had time would remain to sing for a time,—and how they did sing! They gathered about the organ and sang for an entire hour.

The boys left their game and came in, remaining very near the door.

One woman, in a sudden burst of confidence, whispered into my ear, 'These boys somehow think that it isn't manly to come to Sunday-school, and unless you get around them,'—some one approached, and I smiled my acknowledgment of the information.

After announcing a 'sing' for Wednesday evening, I locked the church door, and went home feeling much encouraged. I had recognized the leader, and felt that such a boy would not be hard to win.

The entire village came to the Wednesday evening 'sing.' It was their only recreation. The boys came, but remained very close to the door, kept in a perpetual state of giggle by their leader.

The following Sunday forty adults came. The people would brook no changes. In all the history of their Sunday-school there had been but two classes,—the infant class, including all children from infant to those thirteen years old; and the adult class, including those from thirteen to eighty-three. The superintendent was expected to teach this class.

A class of forty, so diverse, was a difficult task, but the superintendent was made very happy, and felt fully repaid, when she chanced to overhear the great grandfather of the class, on this second Sunday, says: 'Our superintendent is the very best teacher I've ever listened to. Why, she just went back hundreds of years, and told us the whole story just like it was out of a story-book.'

The dear old gentleman had given me an idea.

The third Sunday a long line of boys came tramping in just at the close of the session. Lewis, to whom timidity was unknown, called out, 'Thought we'd get in on the home stretch, Miss Superintendent, but we didn't quite make it, I guess. Say, got any more o' them picture papers with stories in 'em?'

This was an opportunity, so I replied, 'No, but next Sunday, immediately after class, I will read a story.'

The following Sunday Lewis led his crowd in, but not till the story was nearly completed. They tramped down the length of the large room to take seats with the 'grown-up class.' When the reading was finished, I said, 'Next Sunday I shall read another story,' and the irrepressible Lewis shouted, 'Yes, let's have another story next Sunday.' 'Very well,' I replied, 'next Sunday, immediately after the opening singing, I shall read another story.'

I observed this week that Lewis and his crowd made no effort to avoid me, and on the following Sunday they occupied seats with the 'grown-up class.' As the 'story' progressed, expressions of surprise passed over the faces of some of the older members, which were soon followed, however,

by glances of comprehension and satisfaction.

Lewis listened intently; he leaned forward with his chin resting on the back of the empty chair in front. I momentarily expected some audible comment from him, but it did not come.

At the close of the reading, he straightened up in his chair, thrust his hands into his pockets, and emitted a long, loud sigh as though his breath had been imprisoned for a longer time than usual.

The closing song was announced, and as the people arose, Lewis called out, 'But ain't you goin' to have no Sunday-school lesson, Miss Superintendent?'

'You have just listened to the Sunday-school lesson, Lewis,' I replied.

'Was that the Sunday-school lesson?' he exclaimed. 'Is that the way you do Sunday-school lessons? Why, I never thought Sunday-school was like this! I thought you asked a fellow questions, and, if he didn't answer 'em, he'll feel mean. And I thought you'd ask a fellow if he had a Bible at home, and to come carryin' it next Sunday, and I thought you'd tell him, first thing, that he must be a better boy. Say, do you do like this every Sunday,—about the lesson, I mean? Do you do all that out of your own head?'

The smiles all about him did not disconcert him in the least. He asked these questions looking straight at me with big blue shining eyes, and listened intently while I replied gently:—

'No, Lewis, wo do not always have lessons like this. We often ask questions about the lessons. We have the lessons beautifully printed, and the questions are not hard.'

'Is that story all printed out, too?' he interrupted, 'because, if it is, I want it.'

The next Sunday I went to the church early. I really expected to see Lewis there, but was not prepared for what did happen. In a very short time he came leading in his crowd. I smiled at them from across the room, and they came immediately to me.

'Say, Miss Superintendent,' he commenced, 'me and the boys ain't done just right about ball-playing and Sunday-school, and lots of other things, but we'd like to come now, if you'll have us, and we've came early so's to get some of them printed papers to get some answers ready; and, if us boys can do anything for you, just call on us.'

Medicine for Boys.

Let us take the open air,
  And the more we take the better,
Let us try to follow nature's laws
  To the very letter.

Let us exercise our muscles,
  And keep our spirits cheerful,
And then no dread of future ills
  Can make us ever fearful.

But violating laws of health
  We hold to be a sin,
Then we will never, never drink
  Beer, brandy, wine or gin.

And as nicotine is poison
  In the blood and on the breath,
And causes many sad complaints
  Which often end in death,

Then to those who bid us smoke or chew,
  Let us firmly answer No!
And tobacco let us bravely fight
  As we fight the direst foe.

Let us eat the plainest food,
  And drink the pure, cold water,
And then, I guess, we will be well—
  Or, well—Don't you think we oughter?
—S. F. C.

Willie, Dan and the Explosion.

(By M. Carrie Hyde, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Don't cry so, mother,' begged Willie, as they went home after the funeral. 'I'll turn out and earn you a good living up there at the big colliery, and you won't be missing father half as much, with me coming home as black as a dirt bank every night and my can to fill the next morning.'

'You'll not give up your school that your father was so set on, while I have arms to taken in washing, Willie; so no more of that,' she answered, wiping her eyes.

'I shall then,' said Willie, determinedly, looking fondly at his pretty, delicate mother; 'father always 'lowed you wasn't made for no hard work.'

'Yet here I am outliving him, and'—

'Yes, but it was an accident that fetched him; mines is always full of accidents.'

'Yes, indeed, Willie, and that's what I'm saying; I don't want you to go to the mines'; and she rubbed her eyes with her knuckles.

Willie saw he had made a mistake; he recovered himself manfully. 'Accidents is everywhere,' he said, 'above ground as well as under. Look at poor Jim McGur, and him only dumping coal on the outside.'

'Ah, Willie! Willie! you do make me that sick with your arguing: I'll leave you try it for a week; but, mind, you must stop whenever I say.'

'All right, mother,' said Willie; 'I'll go speak for a job to the boss now. There he is just coming from work.' And Willie crossed the road and talked a few minutes with a big, burly man, whose face was so thoroughly mine-blacked that his eyeballs showed out like hard-boiled eggs.

'Yes, yes, we'll take you on to-morrow, Willie,' he said. 'We're just running an extra mule car, and you shall have the driving of it, though there's others after it, for I knew your father, Willie, and an honester, stiddier man I never wish to see.'

'Thank you; thank you,' said Willie, his white face quite flushed by this stroke of good luck. 'I'll be there to-morrow morning,' and he ran to overtake his mother again.

'I got it, I got it, mother; he's took me on as mule driver right away.'

'Sure, Willie,' she said, smiling faintly down at him. 'You're like your father at picking up a job; it it wasn't for me being ill so much with doctor's bills, we'd have had a tidy sum in the bank forninst a day like this, and you to school, too,' and she began to weep again.

The next morning, at 5.30, Willie, in miner's cap, and can swung over his shoulder, mounted the steep, high mountain side to Big Colliery. The sun was just flushing the sky with its earliest primrose, and the foliage in its autumn glory outdid the gayest chromo. He felt a little of this beauty as he climbed the narrow foot-path, trodden into the side of a coal bank, and when he reached the mouth of the shaft that was to carry him four hundred feet under ground, he found himself unintentionally sympathizing with a little mule, who, kicking with heels and head, refused to go below.

'Ho, there, Dan! Hold on! Look out for his kicking!' And then the men would scatter to the end of the long, leather halter and give the creature's feet plenty of room for their scintillating.

'It's getting late; git him aboord anyhow,' cried one of the men, and suddenly surrounding Dan with a dozen strong arms, they tugged, pulled, pushed the rebellious quadruped into the car, and lowered him to the bottom of the mine.

The next car took down Willie to his first job underground, and he winked and blinked in the darkness several moments before his second sight came to him and he was able to make out surrounding objects. One of the first of these objects that now clearly loomed out of the blackness was Dan, his four feet set like posts to the ground, and refusing firmly to take a step toward the stable.

One of the men raised a heavy braided whip and struck Dan on his shoulders.

'Oh, don't!' said Willie, 'he's just off the nice, green day-lighted pastures and made to come down here in the pitch-dark to work; of course he don't like it.'

''Tain't no worse for him than for the rest,' answered some one, prodding Dan forward with an iron crowbar.

Dan started, and it was then that Willie saw that his side was bleeding from a scrape against the car or the walls of the mine.

'Come on, Willie,' cried one of the men, 'this here's your mule; the order is to give him a bit of a feed, then put him right to work'

'Yes, mister,' said Willie; 'leave me feed him, then, won't you?'

'Oh, you're welcome to feed or drive him or anything,' said the miner, shying off to the end of the halter again as Dan made a new strike with his feet. 'Here, come, take this strap. I've no more time to waste on such as him,' and putting the halter into Willie's hands, he disappeared with the rest of the men down a side gangway.

Willie drew his breath; he was fond of animals in the day-light, but this was different. Dan flung his heels east and west again, and dragged hard at his halter. Many animals were appeased by something to eat. Willie opened his can, and taking out a piece (a thick slice of bread spread with molasses), held it as temptingly near Dan's mouth as it was wise to go.

Dan advanced his strong neck, and blew upon the bread and molasses.

'You see,' continued Willie, 'you and me is brothers. I didn't want to come, either, and I cried all night 'bout leaving my school and coming, but I didn't let on; I kept my heels down and just came ahead, like I was going to a show, so as mother wouldn't worry. Now here we be at your stable. You turn in till I find which is my car; then I'll come 'git you.'

Dan munched at the piece, but he halted stubbornly again.

'I guess your side hurts,' continued Willie, 'but I'll watch it don't get hurted worser and you'll never know the looks of a stick if you're quiet and obejeant.'

Dan pricked up his long ears and stepped forward. The young superintendent, who had been unnoticed, heard every word of Willie's talk to the mule, laughed to himself, and passed on.

That noon Willie fed Dan the apple from his can. Gradually Dan became Willie's most willing servant, and the two accomplished their daily work with the constancy of an old pair of miners.

Several months went by, and spring was spreading the valley pasture-land with a tender green cropping, sprinkled with its earliest flowers.

'It was nice up above this morning,'

The juvenile part of the 'Messenger' is continued on page 11.

Keeping my Word.

IN THREE PARTS.

('Sunday at Home.')

CHAPTER III.

All the afternoon we explored wood, and lane, and meadows in vain, a dreadful haunting fear filling my heart at every step, a guilty remorse possessing me at the remembrance that, but for my folly, all this could never have happened. Six o'clock came and still we discovered no trace of the lost Effie, and I was getting weary and faint in body, as well as sick at heart, with increasing anxiety and terror. One of the search party had gone back, in case by any possibility Effie had returned safely by another road, and I was feeling that I should soon be obliged to give up, when I suddenly remembered a spot which we had not yet explored. It was a remote corner of Briermead Wood, in reality private property, but into which Effie and I sometimes found our way together by a little footbridge which crossed a rushing brook, flowing over a stony bed through the depths of the wood.

I hastened thither, alone. Ah, our search was ended now! As I came to the bridge something white on the opposite bank caught my eye in the fading twilight. It was Effie's hat! At my feet on the rough planks of the bridge lay a few scattered primroses. I called loudly again and again, 'Effie! Effie!'

But there was no answer. No sound but the steady rush and ripple of the water below, eddying round the huge boulders that blocked its course, or falling in tiny cascades into deep green pools in its bed. Only one hand-rail guarded the bridge, and it was easy to step off, and let myself down by the ferny, bramble-covered bank to the brink of the stream. The water was much higher than usual, swollen by recent heavy rains, and it was dashing along impetuously. Caught between two jutting rocks I found Effie's little basket, quite empty, all the flowers had been swept away, and after reaching it with some difficulty, I clambered round a big rock and met a sight that froze my blood, and turned me sick and dizzy with horror.

There, just beneath the bridge, her fair curls floating on the swift stream, her little light frock clinging to the moss-grown rock, lay our Effie. The ice-cold waters were enwrapping her in their chilling flood, but they scarcely covered her, yet I saw at once there was not one hope that she would ever speak to me again. The little girl must have slipped in crossing the bridge, and with no friendly hand to clasp hers, fallen on the rocks below. Seriously hurt or stunned by the fall, she had then had no power to resist the strong current which had caught and swept her along beneath its cold waters. One minute's help and succor would have saved her, and now it was too late!

I had yielded to my pride; I had resisted the voice of conscience; I had 'kept my word;' and it had cost me my little friend's life! The truth all flashed upon me as I stood clinging for support to the damp, slimy rock I had just climbed. Then I roused myself by a great effort, and with a cold, sickening despair at my heart, called loudly for help.

My worst fears were realised. When they lifted the child from the water and laid her on the bank, I knew that my loved companion was gone from me, never to return, and as I pushed back the wet, clinging curls from the white face, and called her lovingly by name, the dreadful silence seemed almost more than I could bear. Those parted lips would never speak to me again, or ask a favor, now that their last request had been denied. My voice, which Effie had longed in vain to hear, could never reach her now. I had refused to humble myself that I might give her pleasure, I had withstood her gentle patience with my own obstinate folly, I had accused her cruelly and unjustly, and inflicted on her an undeserved punishment, because I was too proud to own myself in the wrong. I had resisted tenderer and better feelings that very morning, and had thrown away my last chance—and this was the end!

No tears, perhaps, have ever been so bitter as those I shed that day beside the cold lifeless form of my little friend, poisoned as those tears were by remorse and self-reproach.

And I could not suffer alone. My sin brought terrible suffering to others. Effie's widowed mother never recovered the shock of that dreadful day, she never seemed to be quite herself again after the loss of her only child. With the most patient forgiveness and compassion, she let me go to her, and minister to her as well as I could, and she soothed my self-reproaches by letting me take, in some small way, the place of her lost darling; but, though others forgave me, I could never forgive myself.

At school I met with the scorn and bitter reproaches that I well deserved, for Effie had been a general favorite, and her tragic fate awakened no little sympathy. Those who had most encouraged my dogged resolution to 'keep my word' were now the first to condemn my conduct, seeing it had borne such terrible consequences.

Only two girls showed any sympathy for me—Norah, my fancied rival, towards whom I had behaved by no means kindly, and Rose Gilham. If any of my companions had a right to reproach me, surely it was Rose, for had she not warned me against persevering in my foolish silence, which alone prevented my being with Effie on that sad day.

But Rose came to me with no reproaches. When I was heart-broken with remorseful sorrow, when I trembled to face the scorn and bitter words of my companions, it was Rose whose gentle hands were laid in mine, whose kind voice spoke encouraging, soothing words. It was on Rose's breast that I wept repentant tears, it was through her tender sympathy that I was enabled to seek forgiveness for the past, and to gather hope for the future. She did not make light of sin, perhaps she even made it seem more hateful and despicable in my eyes, but she lovingly led me to the feet of One who 'receiveth sinners,' and bears away their sin. She helped me not only to accept pardon and peace from him against whom I had sinned, but to give up leaning to my own understanding, and learn of him who is meek and lowly in heart.

(The End.)

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Cape and the Counterpane.

(By Mary Hoge Wardlaw.)

This is a story mother wants me to write in my diary, and she says it wont be complete unless I tell how I happened to hear it.

One day, while grandma was at our house last summer, I wanted to do something one way and mother said I must do it another. I have forgotten what it was, but I know I wanted to do it my way dreadfully, because that's the way I always want to do things. Grandma gave mother a queer look and said, 'Charlotte, don't you think Marietta should hear the history of my dimity cape?'

And mother said, 'By all means.'

That minute some ladies came, and afterwards I thought grandma had forgotten. I hadn't, but I wouldn't remind her. I love stories dearly, but I felt certain from the way they looked that there was a lecture, or what grandma might call an 'admonition' wrapped up in that story.

Well, last week, on my twelfth birthday, came a good-sized package for me from grandma, and on top there was a letter. But, of course, I opened the package first. There was a dimity cape, cut in a curious fashion, and trimmed round with ball fringe. But the thing that made the bundle so large was a counterpane of dimity exactly like the cape, but, taking up all the centre of it was a great square of crocheted roses, done very fine and even. I couldn't make out what I was to do with the cape but I saw that the counterpane was a treasure.

Then I read the letter, Grandma said first that it pained her very much to discover that her dear little grand-daughter was so fond of her own way. She wrote nearly a page about self-will and obstinacy and the trouble they give the people who indulge them, and other people besides. Then she said it distressed her still more to think it was from her that her beloved namesake had inherited this fault. She called it my besetting sin. She said she sent me the cape as an illustration to the story she had promised me, and that the counterpane was her birthday present; although it belonged to the story, too. Then she said that when she was a little girl she was perfectly devoted to having her own way (she isn't now though, a bit; I say that, it isn't part of her letter) and often made her mother very unhappy by her stubbornness. They tried punishments and praying and everything. Sometimes they let her have her own way to see what it led to, when they knew beforehand that it would lead to something horrid. Once when she was just about my age a new kind of cape came in fashion, and she was very anxious to have one. She was going to make it herself. (Grandma is perfectly wonderful with her needle, and always was. Why couldn't I have taken that from her while I was inheriting.) Then she asked her mother to let her cut it. There was something very peculiar about the cut, and her mother said 'No.' But grandma begged so that at last her mother said, 'Well, Marietta, I shall give you a piece of red calico that I have no use for. This afternoon, when I have had my nap, you may cut out a red cape as an experiment. If it succeeds, I will trust you to cut out the white merino cape.'

This permission set grandma wild to cut out the trial cape at once, but her mother was firm. It had to be done under her eye

she said. At last she coaxed to have the calico and the pattern to study over, and she got her way.

She went upstairs into the company room, the only place where she could be safe from interruption. She had no thought at first of disobeying. It was a pair of shining scissors on the toilet-table that put the idea into her head. Then she said to herself, 'I understand how this cape ought to be cut. Mother thought I wouldn't notice these notches, but I see exactly what they mean. If I were to cut it, she would say, "Well, did I ever? Only to think of my having such a clever child!" Then she wished she had the cutting-out board, just to see how it looked. But it was in the room where her mother was asleep . So she spread her red calico on the bed, and pinned the pattern to it, and looked at the scissors in her hand. She hadn't really made up her mind to do it, when—snip, snip!—the scissors seemed to start off of their own accord.

'As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb,' she then said, 'and it will be a surprise!' She found herself saying over and over, 'splendid — surprise! — splendid — surprise!' in time to the cutting, to keep up her courage. She was nearly done when my great-grandfather called her. She finished cutting in a tremendous hurry, and ran down stairs with her work in her hand. She tried to look very gay and confident.

'See, mother,' she began, holding it up. And then an awful look came on great grandmother's face, and an awful sinking in grandma's heart. She was too sick, too scared, to cry. On one side of her red cape was the paper pattern, still pinned to it, but on the other, oh, on the other, was a neat cape of white dimity, cut out of great grandmother's counterpane!

'I can't tell you what my mother said,' wrote grandma. 'The green sod that grows upon her grave has covered over every harsh word, if any such were spoken. But my punishments were three, I was allowed to make the white merino cape, but it was given to my sister Charlotte. The dimity one was given to me for my Sunday cape, and I could not say a word. Mother trimmed the hole I had made in the counterpane into a square, and how she taught me to fill it in you may see for yourself. (I do not include this among my punishments, although doubtless so intended). Worst of all, when I showed symptoms of self-will, after that, I was made to wear the red cape for two hours at a time. And now, my dearest child—'; But my head is tired. I don't believe I'll copy the rest of her letter!

Only,—just suppose mother should take it into her head to array me in this old timey cape whenever I am obstinate! Mothers are less strict, nowadays. Grandma herself, says so. Still, I think I'd better not run any risks. Mothers have such a way of taking you by surprise.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Harold found a thousand ways to be naughty, when he felt like it; but you'd be surprised how many ways there were to be good, when he felt like that!

Correspondence

Middleton.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much indeed. I go to school every day. We have nice times playing 'Here we go gathering nuts in May,' and some other nice plays. I like my teacher and playmates. I have two sisters older than myself. I live in Middleton, but our post office address is Denmark. Middleton is quite a thickly settled country place. I go to Sabbath school every Sabbath.

GRACE M.

P.S.—My mamma wrote this for me.

Stirling Brook, via Maitland, N.S.

Dear Editor,—In reply to your paper of January 31, L. P. wished to know what number had a piece in it named, 'The Chest with the Broken Lock.' I found it in the number for June 28, 1901. I think that it was a very nice piece. My subscription was out in Jan. 31. I like the paper very much, and expect to take it again. S. F.

New Ross.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen a letter from here. My mamma, Mrs. Judson Meister, has taken the 'Messenger,' but she is very sick this winter, so my father gave me the money to send for it. I can't go to school in winter, for we live a mile and a half from the school. I have three sisters but no brothers. I go to Sunday school in summer. I have three miles to walk; that is quite a distance for a little girl of eight. We had a Christmas tree. My birthday is on July 26. ELSIE R. M.

Oak Lake, Man.

Dear Editor,—I saw a letter in the 'Messenger' from C. D., of Black Creek, Ont., whose birthday is on the same day as mine, Dec. 21. I was twelve years on that day. I have also four brothers and one sister, like Constance. My two youngest brothers are twins, and are so much alike strangers cannot tell them apart. We all like the 'Messenger' very much. My mother used to take it when she was a little girl.

E. K. S.

Maybank, Que.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for over five years. I like to read the correspondence part. We live on a farm; we have three horses. I have a dog called Fido. I go to Sunday school nearly every Sunday. We have about three miles to go. I have five minutes' walk to school. We keep the post office at our place. I have two sisters and five brothers. I am ten years old; my birthday is on May 19.

TENA McG.

Learned Plain, P. Q.

Dear Editor,—You said in one of your letters that perhaps the children of India would like to know what we do every day, so I will tell what I do. I do not go to school this winter, but have some lessons at home. In addition to that, I do some light housework, dishwashing I detest, also read, practice on the organ, make my little sister's doll's clothes, and play games; altogether spending a busy, happy time.

KATIE L. (aged 13.)

Warkworth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for about two years. My grandma sends it to me. We have a dog and a cat, their names are Robin and Toots. I have three brothers and one sister. I am in the third reader. I like my teacher very much, his name is Mr: Ivey. One of my brothers teaches school. Papa takes the 'Witness' and 'World Wide'; he likes the 'World Wide' very much. My birthday is on November 28. We have lots of fun in the summer, playing hide and seek, and in the winter we skate. I sometimes wish summer was here, but winter is very pleasant, but rather cold sometimes. I have two dolls. I call them Bertha and Dorothy. I am ten years old. CECIL C.

St. Catharines, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write. I have three sisters and one brother. We get the 'Messenger' at our day school, and I like it very much. I liked the story in the children's page called, 'Isabel's poor back.' I wrote a letter to Lettie Allen, but have not received an answer yet. My brother was shooting to-day, when the cartridge exploded and some powder went in his eye. It is very sore to-night. I read Mrs. Cole's letter, and think it is quite right. I would like to tell you a story, but I haven't time to-night. I would very much like to have some boy or girl of my own age write to me, and I would answer. I am twelve years old, my birthday being January 20. I would like to hear from Nellie S. NELLIE R.

Address—Nellie E. Roland, St. Catharines, Ontario.

Bottineau, N.D.

Dear Editor,—My papa is a farmer in N.D. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Rodney. I have no brothers nor sisters, so I take fun out of my pets. I have three of them, Major is my dog's name, Tabby is my kitty's name. Flossy is my cow's name. Papa is trying to get me a pony. GORDON McK.

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I like to read the letters from the boys and girls, I thought I would write you my first letter. I get the 'Messenger' in my own name, and am glad every week when it comes. My papa took it when he was a little boy. I am seven years old. I go to day school, and Sunday school. I have got a pug dog, his name is Buller. He can do a lot of tricks.

GORDON B. T.

Libbytown, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' I have taken it for one year, and think it is a very nice paper. I go to school every day. For pets I have two cats, their names are Topsy and Niger. I wonder if any young reader's birthday is the same day as mine, July 1. CHRISTINA M. D.

Brinsley, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' since Christmas, and like it very much. Our farm is called 'Twin Maples,' and we have a nice sugar bush, with a camp on top of a hill. We tap over three hundred trees, and draw the sap to the camp in a barrel. It is boiled in big pans over a furnace. We have all the sugar we can eat, and we have lots of fun playing at the sugar camp. When we have lunch there we boil eggs in the sap. The river runs through our farm, and in summer we play in it and also catch fish. ESTELLE C. (aged 10).

Oconto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw a letter in your paper from Laura R. W., Scotch Line, Ont. She said she was eight years old, and her birthday is on May 30. That is my age and my birthday. She said she had two brothers and no sisters. I have two brothers and no sister. I never went to school, only a month last fall, and got in the second book. I am going to school as it gets warmer.

ISABEL G.

Farnham, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years of age. My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and I enjoy reading it very much. I have two brothers and I have a pet bird. My brother has a pretty black cat, and we have two geese and twelve hens and eight cattle, and a horse, which we call Topsy.

MARY C. B.

Hanover, Conn.

Dear Editor,—My grandma has sent me the 'Northern Messenger' since I left Sherbrooke, Que., last October, and came to live in Hanover, and I enjoy reading it very much. There is no snow down here like there is in Sherbrooke, two inches is about the most we get at one time, and it only remains for about three days at a time, so we have very few sleigh rides down here. Before I left Sherbrooke I saw the Duke and Duchess. We had a Christmas tree in our Sunday school, and I got a Bible and

a box of candy from it. I expect my grandpa from Sherbrooke next week. My birthday is on August 8.

HELEN E. (aged 11.)

Chesterfield, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I live on a farm. I was ten years old in March. I have two brothers and three sisters. My sister and I go to school. We have two miles to go. Our teacher's name is Mr. Staple. For a pet we have a nice little dog, and his name is Tweed. We are one mile from church, and I go to Sunday school, and my teacher's name is Miss Bond.

JANET L. B.

Mount Pleasant.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. I go to school and I am in the seventh grade. I have four sisters and three brothers. I like to go to school, and I would like to be a teacher. I have a mile and a quarter to walk, and I do not go much in winter.

A. V. D. (aged 13).

Gibson, York Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have no brothers or sisters, but I have got two pets—two cats. My father is trackmaster of the Canada Eastern Railway. I go to school, and am in the sixth grade. My monthly report of January was 87¾. I study reading, spelling, writing, drawing, British and Canadian history, geography, nature, health, grammar and arithmetic. WILLIE J.

Monkton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' As I was sending for it again this year, I thought I would write a little letter too. I think the 'Messenger' is a very nice little paper. I always get it as soon as it is brought from the post office, and read the letters first of all. I live on a farm a mile and a quarter from the village of Monkton. I go to school, and am in the third reader. I have five brothers and three sisters. My sisters are all married, so I am the only girl at home. My two little brothers and I have some good fun playing with our little sleigh on the snow banks. We have had lovely weather here until this month.

FLORA H. (aged 11).

Strathlorne, C.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister Gladys has been taking the 'Messenger' for nearly a year, and the other day I got three or four addressed to me, and ever since then I get one. I like to read the 'Messenger' very much, and when I saw the letters in the paper I thought I would write one too. I am thirteen years old, and am rather small for my age. There are eight in our family, five girls and three boys. We like our teacher very well this year; her name is Miss McKay. Our school-house is about half a mile from here. My father keeps a dry-goods store. There is good coasting down here. Every day after school we go out and have a fine time. EFFIE McL.

Shegulandah, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, my birthday comes on December 17. I was eight years old this last birthday. I have one pet, a little dog. We have lots of fun, and he is very fond of me; he will sit up and beg if I am eating anything. He likes candy and apples. My papa is away this winter; he was at Montreal a few weeks ago, and he thinks it a very fine city. I do not go to school in winter, it is too far. We like the 'Messenger' very much, my grandma reads or tells me the stories. L. E. F.

Mono Centre, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and two brothers. My eldest sister takes the 'Messenger, and we all like reading it. I go to school every day that I can. I am in the third reader; our teacher's name is Miss Turnbull, we all like her very well. We do not have Sunday school in winter. I wonder if any other boy's birthday is on the same day as mine. Mine is on April 15.

ELMORE W. (aged 9).

Belmont, Man.

Dear Editor.—I go to Sunday school every Sunday, and I get the 'Messenger,' and I like to read it, and I like the correspondence page very much. The Sunday school is held in our school-house. It is just a quarter of a mile from our place, so I have not far to go. I am in the third reader. I have about sixty hens, and I attend to them every morning before I can go to school. My hens have laid as high as nineteen eggs a day this winter. I like hens very much. I have four sisters and one brother, two sisters younger than myself and two older. J. M. A. L. (aged 12).

Varna, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father is a farmer, and we live on the same farm as he was born on. My grandfather is a Scotchman, he come from Aberdeenshire, in Scotland. When he came here first the country was all bush, and he made the road on which I travel to school; then he cut down trees and made a shanty and a bit of a stable. When he had cleared his farm, he built a new house and barn, which are standing now; he has been here about sixty years. My father took the 'Messenger' when he was a boy, and now I take it, and I like it very much.

LAURENCE F.

Chester, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and we all are delighted very much in reading it. I have four sisters, Fannie, Lottie, Sadie and Olive—the baby; I have one little brother, Harris. My name is Edger. I am nine years old. I water all the cattle when papa is not at home. I have four sheep that I tend any way.

EDGER M.

Tiverton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen so many nice letters from the girls and boys, I thought I would write too. My grandpapa gives me the 'Messenger' for a Christmas present. I think it a very nice paper. I go to school every day. I have two miles to go, my papa drives me there in winter. I am in the senior second book. I have no sisters nor brothers. ISA McI. (aged 9).

Roxton Pond, Que.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I was reading the correspondence last night, and I saw a letter that was written from Hamilton, Ont., and it made me think that we have two stoves that are made there. I have one sister, who is the eldest, and a little brother. I am a little boy only nine years of age, my birthday is on October 26. I have two pets, one is a cat and the other is a canary bird.

WILFRID HURBERT B.

Sherwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been thinking of writing to the 'Messenger' for some time. I have two brothers and one sister. I am ten years old. I go to public school, and am in the junior third. I won a prize over twenty-five others for best essay on, 'Early Discoveries of America.' The prize was a Holman teacher's Bible. I can play on the organ and read Latin in Caesar. My papa is a preacher, and our Sunday school takes 35 copies of the 'Messenger.'

JAMES RUSSELL H.

Drummond, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am going to school, and I am in the part II. I also go to Sunday school. We have Indians living quite near us, and making baskets all winter. We live seven miles from Perth. We have a temperance and literary society in the hall. My birthday is on July 16.

SANDIE (aged 9).

Westville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a subscriber to the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I am ten years old and go to school, and am in the fifth grade. My studies are reading, spelling, writing, geography, arithmetic, grammar, composition, health reader and nature study. I also take music lessons at home. Our school is named 'Victoria.' It is a beautiful brick building, containing eight rooms. My aunt is my teacher. I have one brother one year older than I am. I am very fond of animals. I had a pet rabbit, but the dogs killed it. I had two white pigeons and a cat eat them; now I have only a canary and some hens left.

E. MURRAY B.

Wood Lake, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for a year now, and like it very much. I am getting this year also. My aunt sends it as a Christmas present. I have not seen a letter from around here, so I thought I would write. I go to school, and am in the fourth book. It has been fine weather for school, but we haven't got a teacher yet. We live on the bank of a pretty little lake called Wood Lake. I have a boat, which my father made for me. I like very much to row in the summer. I have lots of skating also. I trap some mink across the lake, where there are two springs. I got three last winter, but only one this winter yet. I like to shoot ducks in the summer. I got a goose this fall. My birthday is on Feb. 16.

ALEX. A. M. (aged 11).

Brigden, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday school, and like it very much. My papa used to get the 'Messenger' in the Sunday school he used to go to; he thinks it is about twenty-five years ago or more. He remembers one story that was printed (a continued story) called 'Rag and Tag.' We always had the 'Weekly Witness.' I am a little girl ten years old. I have three sisters and no brothers. My sister Ella and I go to school all the time when it is fine weather. Ella is seven years old, and Nellie is five years; she is going to school in the spring, I think. I am in the third reader. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, September 22. We have two miles to walk to school. We live on a farm; our farm has 100 acres, some of it is rolling land and some of it level. We have thirty-five acres of bush, and in the summer we girls go to the bush for the cows and pick some nice flowers, which grow in the bush, and some nice moss from off the trees, which we use to decorate our play house. Of course, we only do this after we have helped our mamma to do up the work. MARY B.

Hillsborough, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and I read it every week. When I was a very little boy I used to get into mischief whenever it came across my path. Here is one of my adventures when I was about six years old:—My eldest brother and I went picking raspberries near some plaster quarries, about three miles from home. It was hot that day, and of course I was lazy and did not pick many berries. After a while I wanted to go home, but I took the wrong road. After a while I came to the train track and followed it just the opposite way from home. When I began to realize that I was lost, I walked and cried and cried and walked till I was all tired out, and a woman seeing me asked me my name; but I said I didn't know, and that I was lost. She took me to her brother's house to see if he knew me, but he did not, and then she took me to her neighbor's house to see if she knew me, but she did not, and then she called in her children to see if they could tell who I was, but none of them ever saw me before. After a while they began to talk about a certain man, and I said I knew him, and after a while he came with a horse and waggon and took me home. At home they were worrying about me when I popped in and found my brother had come home. I have had a good many more adventures, some more dangerous than this, which I will tell another time.

RICHARD R. S. (aged 13).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Letters from the following readers will not be published, as they were either not interesting enough or were too badly written to be made out. All the same, the Editor is very much obliged to the writers for their kind letters. As hundreds of letters are received every week, only the best written and the most interesting ones can be printed:—William R. Thorn, Jennie B., George M., Helen Wilson, Willie S. P., Carrie Streyfeler, Elmer M., Catherine Connell, Margaret Crawford, Harold McCarty, Morton Carlile, George T. Lard, T. L. Northrup, Jean E. Clutton, James W. Cook, Selina Bowman, Louisa M. C., Edith B. Algier, Milton Parsons, Edith C. Day, Elwood S. Abel.

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To Whet Spring Appetites.

To adapt the bill of fare to spring appetites, especially in the roasts and other meats, will soon confront the housewife as a perplexity. Red, juicy roasts that are liked during the winter are sure to lose their popularity with the first warm days, and white meats will supplant them. After March, fresh pork is too rich a meat to be either palatable or wholesome. Yet it is not an uncommon thing for some housekeepers to buy fresh pork as late as June, though country butchers are the only ones who find any sale for it at that season. Veal comes into market in abundance early in the spring to take the place of pork. Both meats must be thoroughly cooked, the suggestion of redness in either meat, when served, being enough to repel the sharpest appetite. It must not only be thoroughly done, but should be crisp and brown. The fine gelatinous character of the fat requires that it be so well cooked that in roast pork it must be reduced to a 'crackling,' and in veal to a substance very like it—a deep, rich, golden brown. Both veal and pork must be thoroughly and carefully basted and roasted by the most intense fire that can be obtained. If it is carefully cooked, a stuffed roast of veal is one of the most delicious of roasts for the spring. The breast of veal, a portion which is often carelessly prepared, and so too often comes to nothing, is an inexpensive, excellent choice for a roast of veal. It is not so costly as the racks of veal—which also come from the forequarter and correspond to the prime ribs of beef—but the meat is equally sweet and delicious. While the racks of veal sell at twenty cents a pound, and sometimes at much more, the breast of veal may be obtained at six or eight cents. There is some waste on account of the bones, and it takes some time for the cook to bone the breast; but when it is once prepared and properly stuffed with forcemeat it amply repays for the trouble of cooking it. It can then be carved as easily as the cutlet. The much vaunted cutlet, which brings so high a price because of the absence of bone and fat, is a dry meat, and no caterer for the table ever thinks of buying it for roasting. The loin of veal makes a better roast, but no one who understands meat considers it equal in any way to the juicy flesh of the racks of veal; and when the amount of bone in the racks of veal is counted out, the price of them is as high as any portion of veal. Almost any butcher will bone a breast of veal, but he will probably do it with more waste than a conscientious cook. The French know the value of this cut of veal, but the French ability to cook any cut of veal amounts to genius. When the breast of veal is properly boned it is a flat piece of meat which can be laid out and spread thickly with forcemeat or stuffing. To make the forcemeat, chop fine two small onions and brown them in a tablespoonful of butter. Wet the soft crumb of a small loaf of bread, rejecting the hard crust. In about five minutes press the water out of the bread with the hands, add the chopped onions, two raw eggs, a tablespoonful of sage and a teaspoonful of minced parsley. Add also half a pound of salt pork and a pound and a half of raw veal, both minced as fine as possible and rubbed through a sieve. Mix all these materials together, kneading them with the hands repeatedly, and finally rubbing them through a sharp sieve. Spread the breast of veal with this forcemeat, and roll it up, tying it firmly so as to prevent the contents from breaking out. Rub it with butter, dredge with flour, season with salt and pepper, and lard the roll with about a dozen lardons. Lay it on a rack in a dripping-pan or in a braizing kettle. If it is roasted in the oven baste it every fifteen minutes until it is a rich brown roll thoroughly done, and serve it with the brown gravy in the pan. If it is to be braized put a pint of brown stock over it when it has browned a little and let it slowly simmer in this stock on top of the stove or in a very hot oven until it is thoroughly done. If it is braized in the oven it must be basted repeatedly and browned down. Renew the stock from time to time if it is necessary. A carrot and an onion improve the flavor. This roast takes some time to prepare though not as much as an expensive loaf of cake. It is one of the cheapest roasts of meat as well as one of the most nutritious. Served with new spring parsnips in cream sauce and a good lettuce salad, or with macaroni and tomato sauce and lettuce, it will make a substantial and delicious dinner which will repay all the trouble taken in its preparation.

Putting in the Kisses.

'Four pairs of little baby stockings, and not a hole in one of them!' said mother, sorting out the clothes from the wash and laying the four dainty pairs across her lap.

'This bouncing little girl has grown right out of them,' said mother, throwing a loving smile over to the corner where baby sat among her dolls and blocks.

'I can tell you what to do,' said Aunt Susy in a minute. 'Don't you know that pretty little woman round on Damon street? Her husband hasn't had any work for four months, and I can't help thinking such things would come handy.'

'Do you suppose she would take them?' asked mother, doubtfully. 'She has a little pride, I think, and I wouldn't like to hurt her feelings.'

'O 'es, she would,' spoke up the baby, eagerly. 'She'd say "Fank you," if I gave 'at baby all my pink stockings! 'Cause she'd like the kisses in 'em.'

As she spoke the baby jumped up and ran over to her mother's lap and picked up all the stockings, one by one. Into the top of each she dropped a mouthful of kisses. Aunt Susy looked up with her eyes full of questions.

'It's a little way we began long ago,' said mother, answering. 'She grows so fast that she really has had a great many things to give away in her four little years of life. I have always tried to make her feel that "the gift without the giver is bare." I don't know but the darling is right. I am sure she would be if the baby's mother could see her putting in the kisses.'

'I'll tell her,' said Aunt Sue, getting up to put on her hat and cloak, and taking the tiny bundle.—'Weekly Magnet.'

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BABY'S OWN SOAP

said Willie, patting Dan on the ugly scar where his wound had been. 'I wish you could see how the dandelions is shooting and the little brooks a-rushing down the mountain 2.40 to git to the creek where the grass—oh, yes, that makes me mind,' and Willie unpocketed for Dan's benefit two great handfuls of soft spring grass. 'Next time, Dan, I'll bring my cap full, too.'

Dan expressed his delight at this prospect with a hee-haw that resounded up and down the full length of the mine, and filled the gang and manways.

The miners laughed.

'Hear Dan talking to Willie, once; I'm glad my woice ain't like no mules,' said a young miner.

'Hush!' said another miner, 'there's a sound I hate worser than a mule bray.'

'Bray, what is it?' asked the young miner. 'Has Dan caused a fall of coal with his sweet voice?'

'No, no, in course not; but that low rumble is what I mean. Do you hear it?'

The miners all stopped their picking and shovelling and listened.

'Ah, you! It ain't nothing,' they said to the alarmed miner.

'Ain't it?' he said, and there was a dull roll and half-choked explosion of dynamite, followed, as it had seemed to be, slightly preceded by a cracking of the coal overhead in the farther end of the mine.

'Run, lads!' cried one of the new miners; 'it's them poor lads in the new breast, an' like 'nough they're beyond speaking their own names iver agin!'

The miners dropped their tools, and ran down to the main gangway. Willie was there with his empty car and Dan.

'Here, Willie,' they cried, 'leave us on till we see what we can do for them poor fellers out at the new breast.'

Willie turned very pale.

'They were putting in a big load. Mebbe tain't all off yet. Dan and me'll go see. You stay here.' And stepping onto the front of his car, he clicked to Dan, and went rolling off down the long, black gangway alone.

'Here, Willie, you! Come back! What you going for? You can't do nothing, and it's awful dangerous if it ain't all gone off yet.'

There was no reply; Willie and Dan still hurried down the black track, only a faint twinkle from the lamp in Willie's cap being barely seen. Now it was out of sight altogether, and even the roll of the car wheels was stilled.

'That lad Willie's too brave; he's just his father agin, and he'll be buried under the coal the same way!' cried one of the miners. 'Wait'll I tell the young superintendent on him; he ain't no use fur keerless risks though he's a great one for coming down below to see fur hisself where the fire-damp and gas is worst.'

'Spake of angels! There's the car coming down now, and him along. Wonder if he heerd the 'splosion above?' and the miner who this time spoke huddled closer to the others, for there was another explosion, followed by a fall of coal and rock which even the deaf might have heard.

The young superintendent turned whiter and shuddered, then he straightened himself and went toward the huddling miners.

'Where's Willie and Dan?' he asked.

'Down by the new breast we're afraid,' answered a miner; 'he wouldn't take us along; we hollered to him not to go!'

'Heavens!' said the new superintendent, 'but the worst is over now. I came down to see what was wrong. Come along with me if you'll take a little risk.'

The men went after him to a man. It took them twenty minutes to reach the new breast, for walk they must, as Willie's was the only car on that line.

A fallen mass of coal at length blocked their way, and the superintendent stumbled over something that was softer than coal, and mixed in with a mashed car.

'Hah! Willie!' he said, stooping over and drawing the little fellow into a sitting position; 'much hurt?'

'Nothing to them fellows,' responded Willie, indicating the heap of fallen coal, 'and Dan.'

'There are six of them working here, aren't there?' and the superintendent looked hurriedly around.

'There was, Mr. McClellan,' said Willie.

The superintendent shuddered; it was his first accident.

There was suddenly a wild scrambling among the coal, and somehow Dan got himself to his feet, at least three of them, for the fourth was crushed. The miners scattered at this apparition, and the superintendent drew back. They still recalled Dan of old.

'Where's the inside boss?' the superintendent asked.

'Here,' replied the boss, coming up out of breath in his hurry. 'I'm sorry, sir, this 'appened; I am, indeed, sir.'

'Yes, yes,' said the superintendent, 'now see they're got out; be careful there's no more coal down on you,' and picking up Willie as if he was a baby, he carried him to the foot of the shaft.

After them hobbled Dan. Putting Willie down, the superintendent examined his injury, then guardedly that of Dan.

'Both hurt in the foot,' he said; 'no good for mining work after this. You're glad, aren't you, Willie?' and he lifted him into the car and signalled to be drawn up.

'Glad?' repeated Willie, 'no, sir; no, sir.'

'Yes, you are,' responded the superintendent, 'because you'll have to go to school now as you can't work in the mines, and we'll give you Dan to turn out to pasture.'

Willie's eyes shone; then they clouded.

'What of mother? She needs my wages to live on; she do, indeed.'

'She'll have them just the same,' the superintendent answered.

So in that sleepy little valley below the Big Colliery mountains there is a boy, slightly lame as he goes to school day after day, and a mule that with red worsted tassels draws the baker's waggon at a very lame gait. It is in the contract that Willie made with the baker, to turn Dan out to pasture every afternoon of every warm day in the year.

Don't Be Morbid.

If you do not guard against it, it is an easy thing, girls, to get into a morbid state; to imagine that people do not care for you, and to be over-sensitive, and to think slights and neglects are intended, when this is not the case. Your tears grow very quick to come, your heart is heavy, and you are a sorrow, not only to yourselves, but to every one around you. The cure for this state of mind is simple and practical. Busy yourself in making other people happy; remember there may be other girls who feel as you do, and show them some kind, pleasant attentions. If you have felt left out of a conversation because you did not know about the subjects being discussed, and the talker turned to some one who did know, do not draw away and feel hurt; forget yourself, and show an interest by attentive listening, or asking sensible questions—there is nothing a talker likes better than an interested listener. Putting yourself in somebody else's place is a good antidote against the heaviness which comes when you allow yourself to think you have been neglected.—'Farm Journal.'

The Land of the Lazy.

The land of the lazy is 'Sometime' land;
  Its boundaries all are 'After awhile,'
Its citizens wear the 'Mean-to' brand,
  And 'Going-to' garments are all the style

In the land of the lazy little is done,
  For the dwellers crowd to the 'County Shirk,'
And they moan like martyrs every one
  At the very sound of the name of work.

In the land of the lazy they want to go,
  Just as much as the toilers do,
And then, if they don't, they fume and fret,
  And grumble about 'Fate's favored few.'

In the land of the lazy ambition dies,
  For it cannot live in untended soil,
And its bright twin, Progress, straightway flies
  Away, away to the town of toil.

In the land of the lazy you and I,
  As a matter of course, have never been;
But I tell you what, we had best look spry,
  Or, before we know it, we'll enter in.
—'Adviser.'

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The following are the contents of the issue April 19, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER

Napoleon Once More—'Punch.'
The Imperial Crisis—The 'Morning Post,' London.
Irish Land Legislation—Comments.
The Emperor of Germany and the Boer War—'The Spectator,' London.
An Irish Crisis—The London 'Economist.'
Impressions of the Imperial Parliament—'Express.'
Mr. C. E. Rhodes—The Mail, London.
Interesting Notes—Athenæum, London.
The Position in Crete—North China Herald.
A Canadian Sketch—Saturday Night.
In Confidence—The Scotsman, Edinburgh.
Humor and Humorists—Extracts from Dr. Justin McCarthy's 'The New Reveries and Memories of Life.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Ancient Cathedral and Churches—'The Speaker,' London.
The Royal Academy—Manchester Guardian.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY

Mr. Austin's 'Confessions'—Poem, by Stephen H. W. Hughes-Hallett, in 'The Guardian,' London.
Memories Grave and Gay—'The Week's Survey,' London.
Oliver Goldsmith and a Printer's Devil—By A. T. Quiller-Couch, in 'Daily News,' London.
United States National Force—'The Nation,' New York.
Belief and Disbelief—By Andrew Lang, in 'Morning Post,' London.
New Oxford Movement—'Daily Chronicle,' London.
Lines from Alexander Smith.

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LESSON VI.—MAY 11, 1902.

Peter Delivered From Prison

Acts xii., 1-19. Commit to memory vs. 5-7.

Golden Text.

'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them.' Ps. xxxiv., 7.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 5.—Acts xii., 1-10.
Tuesday, May 6.—Acts xii., 11-19.
Wednesday, May 7.—Matt. xviii., 15-20.
Thursday, May 8.—Ps. xxxiii., 10-22.
Friday, May 9.—Dan. vi., 15-23.
Saturday, May 10.—II. Cor. i., 1-12.
Sunday, May 11.—Ps xxxiv., 1-10.

Lesson Text.

(1) Now about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church. '(2) And he killed James the brother of John with the sword. (3) And because he saw it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further to take Peter also. (Then were the days of unleavened bread.) (4) And when he had apprehended him, he put him in prison, and delivered him to four quaternions of soldiers to keep him; intending after Easter to bring him forth to the people. (5) Peter therefore was kept in prison; but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him. (6) And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains; and the keepers before the door kept the prison. (7) And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison; and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands. (8) And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals. And so he did. And he saith unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me. (9) And he went out, and followed him, and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel; but thought he saw a vision.

Suggestions.

Who was this Herod that stretched forth his hands to afflict certain of the church? The Herods were all hated by the Jews as foreigners placed over them by the Roman government. But this one 'Herod Agrippa the first,' was half a Jew, his mother being descended from the celebrated Jewish family of the Maccabees. He tried to get popularity among the Jews by posing as one of them, though he 'could play the heathen at Cæsarea with as much skill as he could play the Pharisee at Jerusalem' (Farrar).

Who was James the brother of John? He was one of the three who had been with Jesus at times when even the other apostles were not permitted to be near him, on the mount of transfiguration and in the garden of Gethsemane. James and John were sons of a fisherman named Zebedee. They were called Boanerges or the sons of thunder, on account of the vehemence of their natural dispositions. John became the apostle of love. James, perhaps, still full of the fieriness of youth, was the first of the apostles to rejoin their Master in heaven, as John was the latest. Doubtless Herod thought he was striking at the roots of the church in killing such a prominent man. The stoning of Stephen had been an illegal act of violence on the part of the Jews, but Herod could exercise his power in this way as much as he pleased. He chose to attack the principal leaders first, thinking this the surest way to exterminate the society and—what he was more concerned about—to please the Jews.

Who was Peter? Peter had been the leader and spokesman of the twelve. He had received a special charge from Christ that he should tend his flock. Perhaps he was at this time regarded as the most aggressive Christian leader, though we find 'James the Lord's brother' (not one of the original twelve apostles) apparently the nominal head of the Jerusalem church (see verse 17). Peter was now thrown into prison for the second time (see Acts v., 17-23), and for the second time was mysteriously brought out from behind prison doors.

Who was 'the angel?' The Revised version says 'an angel,' not a revelation of the divine presence, but some messenger 'rom God. ..Wind and lightning are his messengers (Ps. civ., 4). An earthquake was his messenger to loosen the chains of Paul and Silas in a European dungeon (Acts xvi., 26). This was a messenger of a different kind, but a very effective one. Peter was under the impression that he was merely seeing a vision, what would be called nowadays 'a subjective apparition.' But he realized that that was not the case when he found himself walking down the open street. Read the rest of the chapter and see how he was welcomed back by the Christians, and what became of the hypocritical tyrant Herod.

Many miracles had before this time been wrought by the apostles (Acts v., 12), and perhaps by other individuals (I. Cor. xii., 28), but this is a striking instance of a special answer granted to the united prayer of a number of believers, some of them, no doubt, ignorant and weak in faith, but all earnestly desiring that God would deliver Peter. They probably thought that Peter would be set free, in answer to their prayer, at his trial, which would be after the Passover feast. They were full of joy and amazement when God sent the answer 'while they were yet speaking.'

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 11.—Topic—Jesus the Living Bread. John vi., 22-35; 47-58.

Junior C. E. Topic.

'GREAT HEART.

Mon., May 5.—Kind words. Job. xvi., 5.
Tues., May 6.—Comfort. Job xxii., 29.
Wed., May 7.—Helpfulness. Lev. xix., 18.
Thu., May 8.—Cheer. Prov. xii., 25.
Fri., May 9.—Humility. John xiii., 14.
Sat., May 10.—Courage. II. Chron. xix., 11.
Sun., May 11.—Topic—Pilgrim's progress. V. Great Heart and how to be one. Heb. xiii., 20, 21.

Best Sunday-School Teachers

It is a pity that more born teachers do not find their way into our Sunday-schools. As it is a purely voluntary office, the willingness to undertake it is the only eligibility required, yet it is a field where capability tells in as great a degree as in any occupation. 'I wish I could go to Helen's Sunday-school,' sighed a little girl the other day. 'Her teacher has them do things. My teacher just lets us read verses all around; then she talks.' Further inquiry revealed that Helen's teacher had many and varied schemes to keep up the class interest and attendance, simple but efficient. Children are susceptible to the same methods of teaching in the church as in the secular schools, but this is frequently overlooked. The Sunday-school is more important to-day than when it was first instituted. The Bible study got there is all, alas! that is ever got by many persons, and whether one is 'liberal' or not, in latter life it is conceded that a knowledge of the Scriptures is a valuable element of an education. In some private schools the study of sacred history comes in the regular course, and is pursued on the same plan as that of arithmetic or geography.—New York 'Times.'

Hints to Teachers.

A teacher should never attempt to teach when there is actual disorder in the class. Only one thing can be well done at a time. A well-prepared lesson should command the respect of every one, and a conscientious teacher has a right to expect this. Often the teacher is at fault. The scholar soon learns that no attention will be given to his indifference and what began in indifference often ends in utter disregard and disrespect. What sight is so pitiable as to see a teacher with all control forfeited trying to stem the tide of increasing disorder.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

Longfellow and Temperance.

In 1833 the Portland Young Men's Temperance Society was organized; the pledge included total abstinence from ardent spirits, but did not include the milder drinks, although Neal Dow and a few others endeavored to have it thus strengthened. Henry W. Longfellow and his brother Stephen were schoolmates of Neal Dow at the Portland Academy. While the tastes of the great poet did not lead him in the ways of a reformer, it is interesting to know that he was a member of the Portland Young Men's Temperance Society, and to recall that later in life he wrote:—

'Drink, drink,
And thy soul shall sink
Down into the dark abyss,
Into the infinite abyss
From which no plummet nor rope
Ever drew up the silver sand of hope.

'Its perfume is the breath
Of the angel of death,
And the light that within it lies
Is the flash of his evil eyes.'

—Mrs L. M. N. Stevens, in 'The Christian Endeavor World.'

Heart's Blood.

To hold the glass up to the light, to admire its beauty of color, to see it foam in the champagne glass, sparkling in the light with diamond-like beauty to sip it, not to quench thirst but to enjoy its delicate flavor—this seems so innocent, so harmless, nay, even so beautiful and elevating, such a source of pleasant and even profitable companionship! I said this once—repeating what a young man had said to me—to a friend, who made answer: 'When I think what that same wine has done, its color is like the blood-red color on a knife that had been plunged into my brother's heart!'—Lyman Abbott, D.D.

Cigarettes.

A careful reader of New York papers reports that in little over a year he found the following results 'brought home' to cigarette smoking:—30 driven insane, 12 led to become robbers, 6 suicides, 6 murders, 3 poisoned, 2 convulsions, 1 made blind. The names of a number of murderers are given. Cigarette smoking appear to be more general than ever. The sensible boy who is determined 'to be a man' will avoid cigarettes and tobacco in every form.

Why Abstain?

I.—For Our Own Sake.

1. The health of your body.
2. The purity of your moral character.
3. The holiness of your religious life.

II.—For the Sake of Others.

1. That the young may not be tempted.
2. That the weak may not stumble.
3. That the fallen may be raised up.
4. That the falling may be helped to stand.
5. That none may err through your drinking.—'Temperance Record.'

The dictum of science on the subject of moderate drinking is by no means ambiguous. Science cannot support the plea that alcohol is a harmless pleasant beverage. It cannot support the plea of the moderate drinker that alcohol is an aid to health. But it does support the position of the total abstainer with an emphasis which it is culpable to disregard. Science shows how the abstainer can do more and better work than the moderate drinker. Science shows how the abstainer lives longer and is healthier than the moderate drinker. Science, in short, shows that the abstainer lives the normal life while the moderate drinker lives the abnormal.—Thomas Easton, M.D., in 'Health.'

LITTLE FOLKS

The Blind Reader.

('S.S. Messenger.')

'Bertha and Will, guess what I saw when I came home from the store,' said Lily, as she came into the house.

'You saw a man with a monkey,' said Will, who thought that the only interesting sight worth mentioning was that of having seen a monkey. He would walk a mile at any time to see a monkey climb up

a verandah post. Several times he had already strayed away following a monkey, and his folks had to be on the look-out, in case any of that sort of street shows came along that he did not follow it as it went up the avenue or into one of the side streets.

'No, you are only half right. I saw a man, but he had no monkey. He had a book and a dog with him. The dog was a wise animal, for he collected money for his master, and then showed him the way he should go,' returned Lily.

'Oh, I know, it was a blind man who had a dog for a guide, and who collected money from the passers-by,' said Bertha.

'But what about the book? What about the book, what use could a blind man have for such a thing? It would be of no value to him, because, as a blind man cannot see, he can not read, and books are for reading,' rejoined Will.

'Well, the man was blind, that is true. And do you believe it? He read with his fingers,' said Lily.

'What, he read with his fingers? You need not think that you can "guy" Bertha and me in that style. Surely you do not want us to believe that,' said Will.

'Well, whether you believe it or not, it is true nevertheless, and if you do not believe me, come with me, and I will show you,' replied Lily, somewhat hurt, because her veracity was doubted.

'Well, let us go, anyhow, it will be an interesting thing to see a man reading with his fingers,' said Bertha, and away they went to see the interesting sight. They had only gone a few blocks when they really found a blind man sitting on a folding stool, with a book on his lap. The little wise dog was sitting before him, too, holding a basket in his mouth to receive anything which charitably disposed persons might feel prompted to give him. Bertha had a penny in her pocket and at once deposited it in the basket, while Lily looked sadly at the blind man as he passed his fingers over the words of his book and pronounced them. It was a Bible which he was reading. When he heard the children talk to each other, though they only spoke in a whisper, he asked them what particular passage he should read to them. They told him to turn to the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians, and he quickly turned to the place and read the whole chapter without halting. Will was still doubting, and whispered to his sisters: 'He knows that chapter by heart,' But although Will whispered ever so faintly, the blind man after all heard him, and he asked him to mention anything he desired him to read. Will thought a little, and then asked him to read the story where the prophet Elisha prayed the Lord to smite the Syrians with blindness. He at once turned to the place and read the whole circumstance as related in the Bible.

The children now came very near and examined the book, They found that the pages were full of raised letters, and that by practice the blind man could tell all the words in the book by passing over them with the tips of his fingers.

We should be grateful to our heavenly Father for the good eyesight which we have, and then also thank him for having put into the minds of men to invent something, by which also those can learn to read the blessed Bible, who have been so unfortunate as to lose their eyesight.

Who Was It?

'When a little boy I once saw a little spotted turtle, sunning itself in the water. I lifted the stick in my hand to kill it, for though I had never killed any creature yet I had

seen other boys out of sport destroy some squirrels and the like and I had a disposition to follow their example but all at once something checked my little arm and a voice within me said, clear and loud, "It was wrong." I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, till the turtle vanished from sight. I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked her what it was that told me it was wrong to hurt the turtle. She wiped a tear from her eye, and taking me in her arms, said, "Some men call it conscience but I call it the voice of God in the soul of, man. If you listen and obey that voice it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out little by little and leave you in the dark without a guide." '—Theodore Parker.

Walter's Speeches.

(To the Editor of the 'Messenger.')

Dear Editor,—I was six years old on the twelfth of July. We have a Christmas tree every year and we children recite. Last year papa wrote me a speech, which I gave at the meeting. I am going to send it to you, so you can print it for some other boy. He wrote me another, which I gave this year and will send it also.

WALTER M. SMITH.

WALTER'S SPEECH AT FIVE YEARS.

Me make a speech—a boy like me!
You think I can't; just wait and see.
Perhaps you think that we small boys
Are only here to make a noise,
Or tease the girls and make a fuss.
Say—ain't that what you think of us?
But I will tell you, one and all,
Although I'm young and very small
I am going to be a man some day,
And then I'll have a word to say—
Perhaps for office I will run—
And if I do, won't there be fun?
I'll speechify with all my might,
Shake hands with every one in sight,
Kiss all the babies in the city,
And tell their mothers, 'Oh, how pretty!'
And when I get to my position,
Mind you, I'll vote for Prohibition.

WALTER'S SPEECH AT SIX YEARS.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gents,
This is a day of great events;
It is a great event to me,
To get up here where all can see,
And try to make a speech to you,
And tell you what you ought to do.
But all you older people know,
That large oaks from little acorns grow,
And that all the great men of to-day
Were once but little boys at play;
And, who knows, but I and others here,
Though small and young we now appear,
May some day with the wise men stand
And help to rule this glorious land.
Now if you would like to see us rise
And take our places with the wise;
If we instruction from you get,
Example is better than precept yet;
If you should say to us small boys:
'Be quiet now, don't make a noise,'
And at the same time stamp and shout
Till some one had to put you out,
Do you think that we should profit by it,
Or would in any way keep quiet?
Or if you should hear us say, 'you bet,'
Or see us smoke a cigarette,
And tell us it was wrong to do it,
While 'Tobacco,' you smoke and chew it,
And bet your money on lacrosse,
Or on some famous trotting 'hoss,'
Would we listen to you do you think?
And if you said it was wrong to drink,
And at the same time—by your votes—
You were pouring whiskey down men's throats,
And hastening them on to perdition,
And claimed you wanted prohibition;
Should we believe you told the truth,
Or were a model for us youth?
Then this is the lesson I would teach:
That you should 'practice what you preach.'

The Legend of the Two Sacks

('Presbyterian Witness.')

An ancient legend describes an old man travelling from place to place with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him. In the one behind him he tossed the kind deeds of his friends, which were soon quite hidden from view and forgotten. In the one hanging around his neck, under his chin, he threw all the sins which his acquaintances committed, and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along, day by day, which naturally hindered his course. One day, to his surprise he met a man coming, slowly along, also wearing two sacks 'What have you here?' asked the old man. 'Why, my good deeds,' replied number two. 'I keep all of these before me, and take them out and air them frequently.' 'What is in the other big sack?' asked the first traveller. 'It seems weighty.' 'Merely my little mistakes. I always keep them in the sack hanging over my back.' Presently the two travellers were joined by a third, who, strange to say, also carried two sacks, one under his chin and one on his back. 'Let us see the contents of your sacks,' exclaimed the first two travellers. 'With all my heart,' quoth the stranger. 'For I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack,' said he, pointing to the one under his chin, 'is full of good deeds of others. Your sacks look full. They must be very heavy,' observed the old man. 'There you are mistaken,' replied the stranger; 'they are big, but not heavy. The weight is only such as sails are to a ship. Far from being a burden, it helps me onward.' 'Well, your sack behind can be of little use to you,' said number two, 'for it appears to be empty and I see that it has a great hole in the bottom of it.' 'I did that on purpose,' said the stranger, 'for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through and is lost. So you see, I have no weight to draw me backwards.'

I Can ; I'll Try.

(By Fanny L. Fancher, in 'Waif.')

Short words two, of letters three;
Yet on these hang thy destiny—
Success awaits that girl, or boy,
Whose motto is: 'I can; I'll try!'

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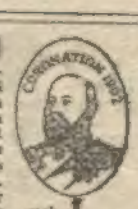

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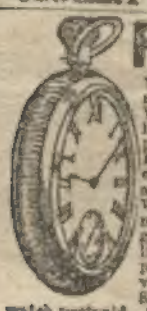

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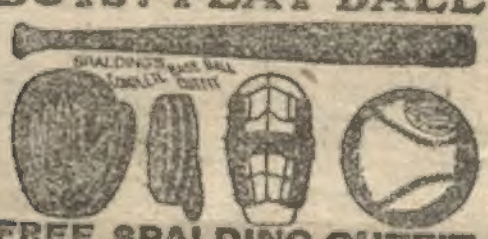

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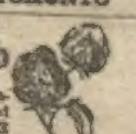

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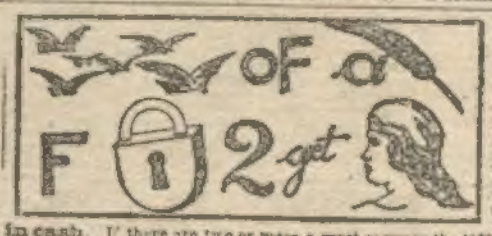

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GLASSWARE FREE

37-PIECE CRYSTAL GLASS SET

1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Tall Jelly or Fruit Dish, 1 large Cake Plate, 1 Cream Pitcher, 6 Goblets, 1 Butter Dish and Cover, 1 Tall Berry Dish, 1 Preserve Dish, 6 Berry Dishes, 6 Tumblers, 1 Large Water Pitcher, 1 Pickle Dish, 1 Spoon Holder, 6 Individual Salts, 1 Celery Glass, all finest quality pressed glass, almost equal to cut glass. **Given away** for selling only 15c. each only 2 doz. stylish Gold topped Hat Pins, set with handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. **They sell themselves.** J. A. B. Williamson, Mount Carmel, Mass., March 25th, says: "I received the Hat Pins at 6.15 and at 6.30 they were all sold. The Pins are good value and go like hot cakes." Write and we mail Hat Pins. Sell them, return $3.60 and we send this **handsome 37-Piece Crystal Glass Set,** neatly packed. Order Hat Pins to-day. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 467 TORONTO.**

Don't miss this chance. Write to-day.

FREE PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT

One Camera with good lens and shutter for both time and instantaneous exposures. 1 box 2x2 dry plates, 1 pkg. hypo, 1 printing frame, 2 developing trays, 1 pkg. developer, 1 pkg. ruby paper, 1 pkg. silver paper, and full directions, all given absolutely free for selling only 15 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 most fragrant largest flowering varieties, all colors. **They go like wildfire.** Gatineau, March 17th, 1902. Dear Sirs: "I sold 54 packages in 3 hours. People were real glad to buy them."—Henry Bancord. Write for Seeds. Sell them, return the money and we send Camera and complete outfit ready to work on photographs. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 464 TORONTO.**

Sample Pictures

$2.35. ELECTRIC BATTERY

THE GREAT HOME CURER. NOT ONE CENT TO PAY TILL YOU SEE IT.

Send us your name, address, and express office, and we will send you this Electric Machine for examination. When it arrives, test it thoroughly, and if found perfectly satisfactory, and in every way equal to batteries regularly sold at from $5.00 to $10, pay the express agent our special bargain price, $2.35 and express charges, and you will have one of the finest batteries ever made. This is a genuine Magneto-Electric Generator with permanently magnetized field, armature wound with over 100 feet of silk insulated wire, German Silver Current Regulator, hardwood base and nickel-plated electrodes with insulated conductor cords. It is well constructed, all parts being perfectly made and handsomely finished. It is easy to operate and **Never wears out. A child can use it.** You simply hold the electrodes in the hands or apply them to any part of the body, turn the crank and a strong current of Electricity is generated, which can be suited to the most delicate organism or made powerful enough to overcome the strongest man. **A Home Curer.** There is hardly any disease that Electricity will not either cure or greatly relieve. It affords instant relief in cases of Apoplexy, Meningitis, Paralysis, Neuralgia, and all other nervous affections, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, etc., etc. Cure yourself and save big Doctor's Bills. Our Battery is also a great entertainer. You can have no end of fun giving shocks to your friends, a dozen at a time if you like, and performing other amusing instructive experiments. Full instructions sent with each Battery. Remember, you don't pay one cent till you see it. Order to-day. **NATIONAL TRADING CO., BOX 401 Toronto**

RIBBON BARGAINS

Having recently secured an immense stock of Ribbons from a manufacturer in London, England, we are now offering the lady readers of this paper **astonishing bargains** in choice rich Remnants, all from **one to three yards long** and up to **3 inches wide.** Finest quality, Crown edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot edge, Satin edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths suitable for Bonnet Strings, neckwear, trimmings for Hats and dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc., all first class. **Their cheapness will astonish you. We guarantee satisfaction. Mrs. Walter Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says:** "Your box of ribbons received, and I must say I am well pleased with them. I consider them the cheapest bargain I ever got." **Don't miss this chance.** Carefully packed in boxes and sent postpaid, 25c. a box, or 3 boxes for 50c. **Mail Order Supply Co., Box 401 Toronto.**

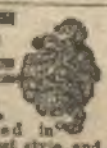
FREE HANDSOME SILVER NICKEL WATCH

With ornamented edge and reliable American movement, given for selling only 2 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 largest flowering most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **The easiest selling package on earth.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return $2.40, and we send your Watch, postpaid. Prize Seed Co., Box 437 Toronto

MAGIC LANTERN

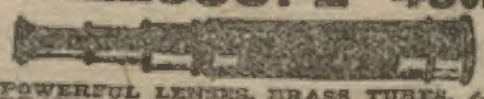
with powerful adjustable lenses, showing 72 comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc. Given for selling only 1 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 419 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

FREE WONDERFUL WALKING DOLL



Beautifully dressed in satin, cut in the latest style and nicely trimmed with lace. She has jointed neck and arms, golden ringlets, and when wound up walks as naturally as any living child. Given for selling at 15c. each only 14 fashionable Gold finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops, set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money and we will send this beautiful doll postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 418 TORONTO**

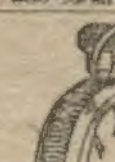
TELESCOPE 49c.



POWERFUL LENSES, BRASS TUBES, DRAW. An extra fine Glass of remarkable power. Brings distant objects to view with astonishing clearness. **A wonderful instrument at a wonderful price.** Clearing out, only a few left. Order to-day. **THE MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

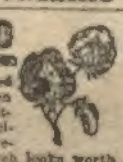
With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, given for selling at 15c. each only 4 Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return the money, and we send this well-made real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., all charges paid. **THE JEWELRY CO., Box 445 Toronto, Ontario.**



Combination Shirt Bosom

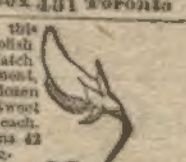
Will fit any shirt, saves laundry bills, a new shirt every day in the week. We send them in assorted styles patterns—pink, red, blue dots, stripes, full dress, etc. Every young man should have one. Get one and dazzle your friends. A big seller for Agents. Price 15 cents, postpaid, with our new Catalog. **Novelty Co., Box 401 Toronto**

FREE GOLD CASED



Watch, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $50.00. We give it for selling only 3 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 of the largest flowering and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. **Prize Seed Co., Box 429 Toronto.**

FREE

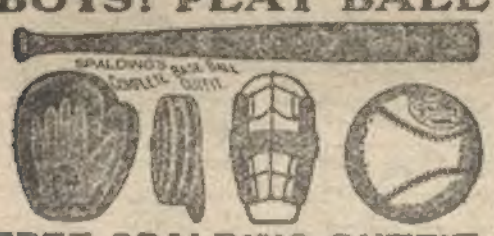


We give this handsome polish ed nickel Watch American Lever Movement, for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties of all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. Write and we mail the seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send your neat reliable Watch, postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 403 TORONTO.**

$3.97 RAILROAD WATCH

21 jewels, lever escapement, patent regulator adjusted, **same as Waltham or Elgin**, 14 ounce case, **solid Atlas a Silver, richly Gold inlaid,** beautifully hand engraved. In appearance, finish and wearing qualities equal to the best coin silver Watch ever made. Open face, with heavy French crystal, dust-proof, screw back and screw bezel, the whole case highly polished and tested to 800 pounds strain. The movement is plainly stamped "21 Jewels Railroad Timekeeper." **No better Watch was ever sold for less than $15.00. Always correct. Will last for a lifetime.** Send only 10c. to show that you mean business, also the name of your nearest Express Office and we will send the Watch there. When it arrives, call and examine it carefully and then if satisfied that it is worth at least three or four times what we ask, pay the Express Agent the balance, $3.87, and Express charges and secure this great bargain. If you do not live near an Express Office or wish to save Express charges, send $3.97 cash with order and we will forward the Watch carefully packed by mail, postpaid. We guarantee safe delivery. **PERRY WATCH CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**

BOYS! PLAY BALL



FREE SPALDING OUTFIT.

Genuine Spalding Ball, Spalding Ash Bat, Spalding Catcher's Mask, Spalding Baseball Cap and Spalding Catcher's Glove, all five **given free** for selling at 15c. each only 16 stylish, Gold-topped Hat Pins, set with handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. **They sell themselves.** J. A. R. WILLIAMSON, Middlechurch, Man., March 25th, says: "I received the Hat Pins at 6.15 and at 6.30 they were all sold. The Pins are good value and go like hot cakes." Write for Hat Pins to-day. Sell them, return the money, and we send this **Genuine Spalding Baseball Outfit. THE JEWELRY CO., Box 488 Toronto, Ontario.**

FREE

COLD WATCH Indy's or Gent's size, handsomely engraved double hunting case, 14k. gold finished, stem wind and set, with reliable jewelled movement given for selling only 4 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money and receive your handsome watch, postpaid. **The Prize Seed Co., Box 43 Toronto, Ont.**

for selling only 6 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at only 10c. each. Each package contains 42 fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for seeds, sell them, return 60c., and receive this beautiful knife postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 448 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE HANDSOME SILVER NICKEL WATCH

with ornamented edge and reliable American movement, given for selling at 15c. each only 16 Fashionable Gold Finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins. Sell them, return $2.40, and we send your Watch, postpaid. **Jewelry Co.,** Box **437** Toronto.

FREE

3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved Gold Ring, given for selling only 10 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return $1.00 and receive this beautiful Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Prize Seed Co., Box 402 Toronto**

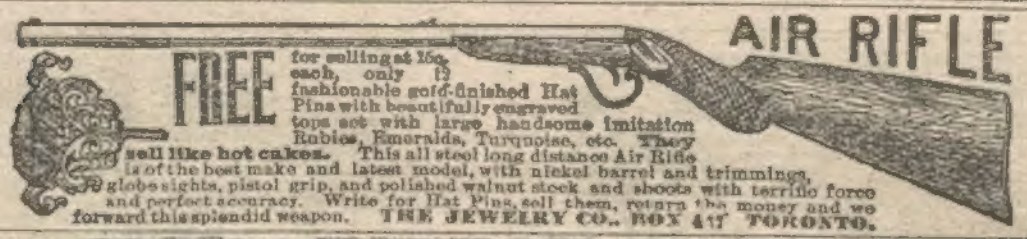
SILK

We have purchased the entire output of pieces from the Leading Silk Houses of Canada, and are mailing them in packages each containing a choice assortment of finest silk, in newest patterns and brilliant colors, enough to cover over 300 square inches. Nothing like them for fancy work. Mailed for 15 cents silver, 2 for 25 cents. **Johnston & Co., Box 401 Toronto.**

SOLID GOLD WATCH

Given for selling 4 doz. stylish Gold Topped Handsome Gem Set Hat Pins at only 15c. each. MISS M. BEATON 102 Mackay St., MONTREAL, says:—"My most wonderful experience was that everyone I spoke to bought right away." Write and we mail Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will send you this **Solid Gold Watch,** elegantly engraved, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with a genuine **jewelled movement fully guaranteed. JEWELRY CO., BOX 465 TORONTO.**

FREE AIR RIFLE



for selling at 15c. each, only 12 fashionable gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This all steel long distance Air Rifle is of the best make and latest model, with nickel barrel and trimmings, globe sights, pistol grip, and polished walnut stock and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money and we forward this splendid weapon. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 417 TORONTO.**

RIBBON BARGAINS

Having recently secured an immense stock of Ribbons from a manufacturer in London, England, we are now offering the lady readers of this paper **astonishing bargains** in choice rich Remnants, all from **one to three yards long** and up to **3 inches wide.** Finest quality, Crown edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot edge, Satin edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottomans, and various other plain and fancy styles in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths suitable for Bonnet Strings, neckwear, trimmings for Hats and dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc., all first class. **Their cheapness will astonish you. We guarantee satisfaction. Mrs. Walter Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says:** "Your box of ribbons received, and I must say I am well pleased with them. I consider them the cheapest bargain I ever got." **Don't miss this chance.** Carefully packed in boxes and sent postpaid, 35c. a box, or 3 boxes for 90c. **Mail Order Supply Co., Box 401 Toronto.**

Face to Face with the Man in the Moon. Special 60 Day Offer to introduce this large, powerful Achromatic Telescope

Needed on Sea, Farm and Ranch. Made by the largest manufacturer in Europe, measures nearly 3 ft. when open, is fitted with powerful lenses scientifically ground and adjusted, has brass bound tubes, and is provided at both ends with brass dust caps. It brings to view objects miles away with astonishing clearness. Read what Customers say—HARCOURT, ONT., Nov. 4th, 1901. "I received the 99c. Telescope all right. It is a dandy. I would not take three times what I paid for it, if I could not get another one like it." ALVA PHOON, MONCTON, N.B., Jan. 29th, 1902. "I am very much pleased with the Telescope." DANIEL H. MATTHEWS, CHILLIWACK, B.C., March 3rd, 1902. "It brings objects miles away very near to me." BEATTIE GIBSON. Telescopes of this size have formerly sold at from $5.00 to $10.00. **Special Introductory Price, only 99c. postpaid.** A grand bargain. Don't miss it. The Mail Order Supply Co., **401** Toronto.

CHOICE SILK REMNANTS 600 INCHES 15c

Delighted customers by hundreds testify to their marvellous cheapness. All of **our pieces come from silk tie factories,** where, as you know, only the best silks are used. These silks cost from **$2.00 to $5.00 a yard.** They are **all of good size for fancy work,** and are of **priceless value** for making Crazy Quilts, Drapes, Sofa Pillows, Tidies, Pincushions, etc. The variety of colors and designs is almost endless. They are of **every conceivable pattern;** plaids, polka dots, stripes, checks, etc., etc., **all of the handsomest and brightest colors.** Of the many dozens contained in each package **no two pieces are alike.** Having purchased the entire output of Remnants from all the Canadian tie factories, we are at present offering the Lady readers of this paper **the greatest bargain in choice rich silk remnants ever heard of. WE POSITIVELY GUARANTEE ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION. Each package contains over 600 square inches.** Price, postpaid, 1 package, 15c.; 2—25c.; 3—35c.; 5—60c. Mail Order Supply Co., Box **401** Toronto

SHOT GUN FREE

For selling at 15c. each, only 20 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. **Everybody buys them.** This gun is finely made with best quality steel barrel, taper choke-bored, reliable lock, highly finished hardwood stock with steel shoulder-plate and trigger guard, and metal tipped ramrod. It is accurately sighted and **guaranteed a splendid shooter.** Dealers ask $6.00 for this gun. You can get one absolutely free. Send for Hat Pins to-day. Sell them, return $3.00, and we will send you this splendid Gun. **Jewelry Co.,** Box **465** Toronto

FREE FREE BICYCLE FREE

Lady's or Gent's. Don't pay a cent for a good safety bicycle. We are giving them away absolutely free for selling at 15c. each, only 4 doz. beautiful full length Hat Pins with exquisitely designed Gold-finished Tops set with large brilliant imitation Emeralds, Sapphires, Rubies, etc. They look well worth 50c. and go like wildfire at our special price of 15c. **Our Bicycles are a marvel of strength, beauty and cheapness. The biggest dealer in the country could not furnish you with their equal at less than $20.00.** They have seamless steel tube enamelled frames, excellent Pneumatic tires, comfortable saddles, new shape handle bars and genuine faultless ball bearings throughout. **Every Bicycle we send out is fully guaranteed. Here is the chance of a lifetime. Don't miss it.** Write at once and we will send Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will ship you a splendid Lady's or Gent's Bicycle same day money is received. All we ask is that you will tell your friends how you got it. **THE AGENTS TRADING CO., BOX 450 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

44 PIECE TEA SET FREE 44 PIECE CHINA TEA SET

12 CUPS, 12 SAUCERS, 12 TEA PLATES, 2 CAKE PLATES, 1 TEA POT AND COVER, 1 SUGAR BOWL AND COVER, 1 CREAMER AND 1 SLOP BOWL. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated in pale green or terra cotta red. A REGULAR $5.00 SET. GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. fashionable gold finished Hat Pins, elegantly designed and set with superb imitation Rubies, Emeralds Turquoise, Sapphires, etc. These pins sell regularly in the big Toronto stores at 25c. At our price, 15c. THEY GO LIKE WILD-FIRE. Write and we send Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we ship this MAGNIFICENT 44 PIECE TEA SET, carefully packed. Write to-day. THE AGENTS TRADING CO., Box **450** TORONTO.

FREE 14K. GOLD-PLATED WATCH

elegantly engraved, stem wind and set, open face with fancy embossed bezel, genuine high grade American movement, lever escapement, **fully guaranteed.** Given for selling at 15c. each only 20 stylish Gold topped Hat Pins set with glittering imitation Rubies, Sapphires, Emeralds, etc. They are worth 50c. and **sell like hot cakes.** Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send this handsome Watch, postpaid. **The Jewelry Co., Box 463 Toronto.**

FREE

3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved gold Ring, given for selling at 15c. each, only 7 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return $1.05 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Jewelry Co., Box 402, Toronto.**

Dancing Skeleton

A WHOLE SHOW AT HOME.

This lively and amusing skeleton is 14 inches high, with movable legs and arms; will dance to music and perform astonishing tricks. Any boy or girl can operate it. Sent with complete directions with our big catalogue for 10 cents, silver or 3 for 25c. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO**

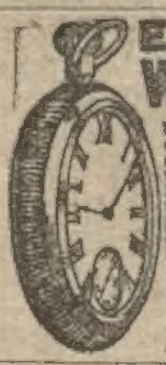
BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price with instructions, 25c., postpaid. **The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

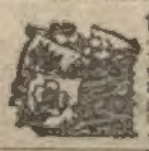
With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, given for selling only 1 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return 60c. and we send this real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 445 TORONTO**

EARN THIS WATCH



by selling at 15c. each only 16 fashionable Silver and Gold Hat Pins, with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome rubies, amethysts, emeralds, etc. **They are something entirely new.** Every lady will buy one. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, this handsome polished nickel Watch, with ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hands, and genuine American movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. **Jewelry Co., Box 403, Toronto.**

12 SATIN SQUARES 15c.



All stamped with beautiful designs to be worked in Silk. Each square 3 x 3 inches, finest quality Satin, all colors. The latest idea for Sofa Cushions, Drapes etc., etc. **A great bargain.** Coupon good for 50c. free with each order. **JOHNSTON & CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**

151 SONGS 10c.

Words and Music Complete, the choicest gems and latest hits. A Wreath of Roses, Anvil Chorus, Dream On, The Man in the Moon, Work Niggers Work, Old Zip Coon, and 145 other Scotch, Irish, English, coon, comic and pathetic. A grand collection, one volume attractively bound. Price 10c. **The Novelty Co.** Box **401** Toronto